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DANNY AND THE "MAJOR."

BY GERTRUDE P. GREBLE.

"PAPA! Papa!" The shrill, childish voice echoed sharply through the quiet house, and a small figure appeared upon the threshold of the door which led to Captain Kent's office, as if suddenly blown there by the March gale which at the same moment invaded the apartment.

"My son," said the officer in a tone of mild exasperation, laying a restraining hand upon his fluttering papers, "will you be kind enough first of all to shut the front door? And now" — when he had been obeyed with an energy which shook the house to its foundations — "take off your hat, like a gentleman."

The child snatched it off, and advanced to lay an appealing hand upon his father's arm.

"Don't make me wait for anything more, papa," he pleaded. "It is important! It is, indeed. Mackenzie begs you to come to the corral right away. The 'Major' has come back!"

"The Major! What Major?"

"Why, our Major—Captain Egerton's Major." "Impossible!"

"But he has indeed, papa!" exclaimed the eager boy. "The herders found him up in a ravine, and he followed the horses home, and he is so lame he can hardly walk, and the corral-master says he has enough worthless brutes about now, so he is going to shoot him;

and Mackenzie said to tell you to come at once, because if you did n't it might be too late—"

Two great tears overflowed from the violet eyes and rolled down the lad's cheeks, but little Dan had small reason to fear lack of attention now! Almost before his hasty explanation was completed, the cavalryman had thrown his cape about his shoulders and started for the corral at a pace satisfying even to his impatient son.

To make you understand what he found there, and what it meant, I must go back to the beginning and tell about Danny; and then — because this story is quite as much, and perhaps a little more, the Major's — about the Major too.

Danny could not remember his introduction to the frontier garrison which constituted his world, but he was never tired of hearing about it. And during the long winter evenings, when "retreat" had sounded and the soldiers had dispersed to their log barracks, the captain would seat himself beside the big stove, with his pipe between his teeth; and Danny, his sled put away, his gaiters and mittens hung up to dry by the hall fire, and his buffalo overcoat — an exact imitation of his father's big one — safe on its peg, would crawl into his father's arms and nestle close to his heart. And after a silence

of greater or less length, the officer would begin and go over the details so well known to them both: of his astonishment when, on coming from "stables" one bitter winter afternoon, he had stamped the snow from his shoes and thrown aside his overcoat, to behold a stout woman with a white bundle in her arms, saying, "Will ye look at the recruit I've brought ye, Captain?"—and of how, when he had recovered from his surprise, he had examined her offering and found beneath a lot of wrappings two tiny hands, a small face with blinking eyes, and plentiful black hair. This last never failed to impress Danny, for by the time he was old enough to notice things his hair was as yellow as the Indian maize which ripened by the river.

The years had sped swiftly after that winter evening; and if, as his father said, he had come into the world to the sound of a trumpet, he grew up to the rattle of drums and the patter of musketry in the days when Custer lived and a soldier's work was full of activity and danger. His ears became accustomed to the thrumming of the "long roll"; his odd hours were full of the excitement caused by the bustle of incoming and outgoing scouting-parties, and, at times, of watching, with far more interest than fear, those tiny specks he could just discern skirting the horizon, which he was told were "hostiles."

It was small wonder that in such an atmosphere he should develop rapidly, that he should become healthy, as a child must who spends ten hours of the twenty-four with the winds of the prairie filling his strong young lungs; that he should become honest and truth-telling as a soldier's son should be; gentle to the weaker sex, as represented by his mother and the tiny sister who bore her name; and full of an affectionate kindness which won him the most loyal devotion from the rough troopers who shared his outdoor life.

At the time our story opens he was seven—a tall lad, whose muscles were already like fine steel threads, whose skin had tanned to a beautiful golden brown, with violet eyes, and hair which fell in tangles about his shoulders.

Those curls, heavy and girlish, had been a constant source of woe to the boy, till one never-to-be-forgotten day, when he had stood at the gate of the stockade to see the famous

"Seventh" sweep by, on its way to some distant trouble. The scene had been one to remember—the smooth action of the seasoned horses, the careless swing of their riders, to whom excitement had become as the air they breathed! But of it all little Dan retained one impression only—that of the adored Custer at the column's head, his face thin, eager, resolute, and with curls, as yellow as Danny's own, falling over his shoulders!

From that hour the boy's ringlets became his most cherished possession—a connecting-link between the idolized leader of those toughened Indian-fighters and his small personality.

And now for the Major! With regard to him I confess my courage fails; for what woman's feeble pen can hope to do justice to the splendid piece of horse-flesh which answered to that name?

Two years before the March afternoon on which our story opens, an additional troop had been ordered to Fort B—— to reinforce the hard-worked garrison. The officer in command was an old friend of Captain Kent; and on the day of its arrival, shortly before sunset, Danny started off to inspect the new horses and make the acquaintance of their riders.

His intention was not carried out.

As he reached the path which led to the spot where the detachment had gone into camp for the night, he met a trooper leading a horse by the bridle, and carrying a blanket and halter over the other arm. The man's campaign dress proclaimed him a new-comer. He was tall and thin, and covered with dust from his recent ride. But neither the dust, nor the ragged stubble upon his unshaven face, could conceal the kindness of his expression. Danny stepped aside to let him pass.

"Good evening, Corporal," he said politely, after a brief glance at the soldier's chevrons.

The trooper halted. "Gude evenin' t' yirsel', laddie," he answered in a voice whose deep tones instantly made their way to the boy's friendly heart. "I'm after a bed for the Major; can ye show me the way tae the corral?"

Dan regarded him gravely. "I'll show you the way to the corral with pleasure," he replied; "but you must be mistaken about a major. Papa said Captain Egerton was in command of

this troop, and he is going to stay with us; so he has a bed."

For a minute the soldier looked puzzled, then he laughed.

"Hoot, laddie!" he exclaimed good-naturedly; "it 's no for anny two-legged major I 'm workin'. It 's for this vera beastie ye see at t' back, mon! And it 's a bad day he 's hed of it, and hungry an' tired he is; so stir yirsel' an' lead the way, for I heve n't a knowledge o' these pairts as yet."

Dan examined the animal critically. "He seems to be a fine horse," he remarked in the judicial tone he had heard from the officers.

The soldier smiled. "Ay," he answered briefly; "he is."

"Has he come far to-day?"

"The neighborhood o' seventy miles, about."

The man resumed his progress in the direction of the stables, and the little boy trotted by his side, every energy absorbed in the endeavor to keep up with his long strides. After an interval the child observed: "I don't see why you did n't put him on the picket-line with the other horses. Was n't there room for him?"

"Room for him?" repeated the trooper, disgustedly; "ay, there 'd be room and tae spare gin he wanted it, which he 'll no do while he has old John tae find him shelter. Ye 're a bit blowed, ain't ye, laddie?" he added kindly; for the first time noticing the child's breathless condition. "I 'm forgettin' t' difference in the length o' t' laigs. We 'll get over the groun' feyster gin I make the Major carry ye."

Danny looked doubtfully at the horse's dusty sides and drooping head. "Is n't he too tired?" he asked, divided between his desire for the offered ride and compassion for the evidently weary animal.

His companion regarded him with approval. "Now thet 's richt!" he said. "There ain't many little chaps 't w'u'd think o' the horse when they hed a chance tae ride. I like ye for it, lad! As for tirin' him—I w'u'dna ride him mesel', but ye 're no gret weight, an' I 'm thinkin' it 'll get him his supper the quicker."



"'GOOD EVENING, CORPORAL,' DANNY SAID POLITELY."

A moment later the radiant child was seated astride the great bronze beast, and the trio pursued its way to the corral in a

silence which the soldier was too weary—and Danny too happy—to break.

When Dan went home after seeing Mackenzie feed and groom his charge, he was con-

scious of having found a new interest in life, and of having made a new friend; and his satisfaction was complete when, on recounting his experiences at the dinner-table that evening, he was informed that the horse belonged to

tering-trough; he perched himself on the cross-bar of the Major's box-stall to superintend his toilet; and he spent long hours scrubbing away with a bit of rag upon the brass mountings of the horse's saddle and bridle, on those days when the trooper was obliged to prepare for inspection—betaking himself afterward to the drill-ground to revel in the result of his labors.

And had you seen the beautiful beast as he appeared at inspection,—the brass trimmings upon which so much loving care had been expended flashing in the sunlight, his bronze coat like finest satin, his powerful limbs motionless, and with only the fire in the deep eyes and the quiver of the wide nostrils to tell how strong was the sense of duty which controlled his impatience for the command which should put in motion the troop he led,—you would not have wondered at Danny's enthusiasm—an enthusiasm which gradually increased into a great and real love, which it was easy to see the Major reciprocated in his dumb fashion.

So the weeks passed, and the long hot days grew short, and winter came and went—and with the return of summer little Dan experienced his first sorrow.

Captain Egerton's troop was ordered out on a difficult and dangerous scout; there was a battle,—a thing only too common in those wild days,—and at the end of it the gallant captain lay crippled by a gunshot wound, and Major, swept away by the savages, had vanished as if swallowed by the treacherous quicksands which lined the river-bank.

For days after the first shock of his grief was over, the child continued to hope for the horse's return. For days he mounted to the highest point of the block-house to search the furthest reaches of the empty prairie, confident that if the sagacious animal was alive he would find his way back. But months passed, and another winter dragged itself away, and little by little the boy abandoned hope, and settled down to



"HE PERCHED HIMSELF ON THE CROSS-BAR OF THE MAJOR'S BOX-STALL, TO SUPERINTEND HIS TOILET."

Captain Egerton, and that henceforth he might see him as often as he liked.

The summer days which followed were full of joy. Dan passed them for the most part in Mackenzie's company, and a very real friendship sprang up between the veteran and his small companion—a friendship that found a cementing bond in their affection for the Major. Nothing so perfect of its kind as that splendid animal had ever before come in the boy's way.

Had he been asked, it might have been difficult for him to tell which of his new friends—the human or the equine—he loved the better. But there was no question which was the more important. He trotted at Mackenzie's heels when he took his charge to and from the wa-

the sorrowful conviction that the horse, too, had fallen a victim to the Indians.

And now he had returned! And what a homecoming!

Mackenzie and he had often talked of such a possibility — Mackenzie, who, with his beloved horse gone, and his master in the East on leave, had been even more disconsolate than Danny; together, the pair had pictured it in divers ways. Sometimes it was one of them who was to find him, sometimes the other; but in every case they had thought of it as a sort of triumphal progress, the coming of a hero who returned to claim his own. Never like this — pitiful, starved, unknown, and despised, in the very place where he had been so easily supreme! "Oh!" thought Danny, "if only the old troop had been here! Some one who loved him! Some one to remember besides Mackenzie and me!" There was a great sob in his throat

scene which met their gaze was so remarkable that even the officer paused in breathless amazement.

Prostrate on the earth, covered with dirt, his surly face purple, his feet kicking aimlessly in the air, lay the corral-master — a government rifle, which had evidently slipped from his grasp, on the ground beside him. And upon his chest, holding him in a grip of iron, his face white with an anger too deep for words, sat the Scotch corporal! At the left — a rusty and apparently lifeless mass — lay the Major's prostrate form. And about the group stood the employees of the stockyard.

The sounds which issued from the corral-master's throat made Danny think of the bellowing of those bulls which were sometimes confined in that part of the inclosure; he crept to his father's side and laid hold of his cape. The overseer's face was rapidly assuming a still deeper tint, and the captain went forward:



"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS PERFORMANCE?" INQUIRED THE OFFICER.

as he ran by his father's side in the direction of the corral — he was half afraid of what he might find by the time that he reached it.

And when the two finally did reach it, the

"You are choking that man, Mackenzie," he said sharply; "let him up at once!"

The corporal glanced up at him with an expression of relief, gave his victim a final squeeze

which set him fairly gasping, and rose. "Chokin' 'u'd be tae gude for him, Capt'in," he said, as the corral-master struggled to his feet.

"What is the meaning of this performance?" inquired the officer. The trooper made no reply, and O'Reilly, emboldened, began a halting explanation.

"Wait till you are spoken to," commanded Captain Kent, sternly. He knew that Mackenzie was upon ordinary occasions the mildest and least aggressive of men.

The group about them began insensibly to melt away, excepting a few whose curiosity was sufficient to overcome their prudence.

Mackenzie pointed from the gun to the Major, with a gesture more eloquent than words.

"He tried tae steal a march on me, Capt'in," he said huskily. "I telt him tae wait till the laddie fetched ye, and I went for water for the puir beast; and when I coom back—weel, if shootin' hadna been altogether tae gude for him, he w'u'dna be here noo! Thet 's ae!"

"What have you to say to this, O'Reilly?"

"Sure I thought it would be a mercy to the poor beast to put him out of his misery," answered the man, in an injured tone. "I tried to do it unbeknownst to the corporal, knowin' how fond of him he used to be—and it 's small thanks I got for me pains! Next time I 'll leave him to settle his affairs himself. Look at the brute, Captain," he added; "it 's only a fool that would care to prolong his sufferin'." He was evidently sincere, and there seemed to be some truth in what he said.

"I 'm afraid he is right, Mackenzie," said the officer, sadly, as he followed the two men to the side of the panting animal.

Mackenzie broke down. "Ah! don't ye turn against him, too, Capt'in," he faltered. "Think o' the time he 's had gettin' here, and gi'e him a chance. He sha'n't trouble no one, and I 'll work it square. If he don't show some sort o' improvement by this time to-morrow, I gi'e ye ma word I 'll make na trouble. It 's starved he is, and winded; but he 's nae deid yet, and while there 's life there 's hope!"

The captain turned away—the horse was a painful spectacle. "Very well," he said; "you may have your way for the present; but I think your labor will be wasted. I agree with

O'Reilly: the most merciful thing would be to end his suffering at once."

Mackenzie moved to his side. "I 'll no forget what ye 've done for me this day," he said gratefully. "There 's ane more thing ye can do, if ye will, tae complete the gude wark. It is against orders to sell us whusky at the canteen, and whusky is what the puir beastie wants just noo. Would ye mind givin' me an order for a gallon o' the same?"

Captain Kent hesitated. "I can trust you perfectly, Mackenzie," he said (the corporal was invariably steady); "but a gallon of whisky might cause a lot of mischief."

"It 'll no," was the earnest response. "It 'll be doon the Major's throat before it hes time tae make any trouble."

The corporal's tone was a sufficient guarantee of the safety of the venture. The officer tore off the corner of an envelope, and scribbled the necessary order.

"I shall hold you responsible," he said.

Mackenzie nodded. "Yes, sir—thank ye, sir," he murmured, saluting hastily, as he started from the inclosure upon a run; and by the time Captain Kent had once more regained the garrison, he was on his way back to the corral from the trader's where the necessary liquor was kept.

No especial arguments were needed by Mackenzie to enlist the sympathies of his comrades in behalf of his fallen favorite: soldiers, as a rule, are warm-hearted men, and in the cavalry their calling fosters a love for horses. When little Dan went home at sunset, kindly hands had laid the old horse in the one box-stall the troop-stable afforded, and liberal doses of whisky and water had stayed his failing strength. Through the long night the trooper tended him faithfully, watching his heaving sides by the light of a solitary lantern, and plying him, as occasion demanded, with additional draughts of the stimulant; and when morning came the change for the better was so pronounced that even O'Reilly was forced into the admission that hope was once more possible.

After the first few days the animal gained steadily. At the end of a month he was able to hobble out with the herd, the shadow of his old self. More than that he seemed likely never to

become. His hoofs were cracked and torn from his long wandering over the alkali plains, his breath came rumblingly from his deep chest, and his eyes had a look of patient submission in their soft depths, which seemed to say that he understood fully the kindness which had been shown him, and would repay it to the best of his ability. The old ambition, the old fire, were things of the past. He was quite content now to browse along in rear of the herd, or to stand for hours beside little Dan perched upon a wood-pile, nudging him for the sugar which was always forthcoming, nipping lovingly at the buttons on his small trousers, or — immovable as a statue — bowing his beautiful head when the boy frolicked at his feet. And though, as time went on and the summer drills began, he would prick up his ears at the sound of the well-remembered calls, and follow the battalion with his eyes as it swept by the spot where he was picketed, it was only with a passing interest, and he would return to his grazing in placid content.

Danny never abandoned the hope of seeing him in his old place at the head of a troop. He spent hours feeding, grooming, and watering him, and when there was nothing else to be done he was quite content to perch beside him in the sunshine, and dream of the wonderful things he should do when he was once more well. If he had admired him before, he adored him now; and still the wildest flight of his imagination was not sufficient to suggest the heroic feat which this dumb friend was actually to accomplish for his sake, the great and final proof of his affection for the child who loved him, and which was to make not only the Major, but Danny too, famous!

To tell you about it, we must pass over the weeks which witnessed the horse's gradual recovery to the scorching afternoon that found him, almost his old self, saddled with Dan's own small saddle, and pawing the ground im-

patiently in front of Captain Kent's quarters. The loving care of the past few months had been amply rewarded. Some time before he had been pronounced fit for light work, and that afternoon Dan was to have his first ride upon the Major's back.

Mackenzie had been for several weeks suffering from a sprained wrist which prevented his doing the usual guard-duty, and in order to give him some occupation he had been detailed to superintend the herding of the quartermaster's horses — going with them to the grazing-ground in the morning, and then returning to the post until the afternoon, when he went out to assist in bringing them home.

On the present occasion, as a special favor and to celebrate the Major's recovery, Mackenzie begged that Dan might go with him. And when the child came out and prepared to mount, it would be hard to say which was



"THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT THE TROOPER TENDED HIM FAITHFULLY."

the happier, he or the trooper who swung him so proudly to his place.

"You are sure it is safe, Mackenzie?" said Mrs. Kent, a little anxiously, as from the porch she watched the start for the grazing-ground.

"Sure, ma'am," answered the soldier, emphatically, as he made a final examination of the girths, little dreaming how much was to depend upon his care in the course of that eventful afternoon; "the beastie knows him as well as ye do yersel'. It's no for naething the lad has spent his time. He'll no hurt him!"

He gathered up the reins and put them into Danny's hands as he spoke, swung himself upon his own bony gray, and they started.

In those days the summer months were always full of uneasiness and dread: the Indians were especially restless at that time of year, and precautions were doubled; but the weeks which had gone had sped swiftly and quietly in little Dan's home. Rumors of approaching trouble had reached it from time to time; occasional false alarms had sounded, and hurried scouts had been made—only to prove the absence of any foe; and gradually the command had settled down to the conviction that for once they were to be left in peace.

On the afternoon in question nothing could have seemed more tranquil than the scene which unfolded itself before Mackenzie and his charge when, having passed through the gate of the stockade, they turned their horses' heads in the direction of the herd, which they could just discern in the distance as so many specks against the sky.

On the right the Missouri River wound like a great yellow snake from the far northern horizon; on every other side lay the rolling prairie, with only that thread of green along the river-bottom to break its level expanse. Dan had heard of the grandeur of the sea, but he sometimes wondered if anything could seem more imposing than those wide reaches of treeless, turf-covered plain.

The animals were restless and uneasy in spite of the heat, and after a short interval Mackenzie turned from the "trail" and started across the open country.

"Dinna ye go tae fast, lad," he said as the Major stretched his neck with an evident inclination to outstrip his companion. "There's gopher-holes in plenty hereabouts, and gin ye strike one o' them our ride's up! Ye sit yir horse like a sodger," he added admiringly; "I'll hef ye made assistant herder yet!"

Danny smiled broadly at the joke, sitting very square in his saddle, in perfect enjoyment of his new accomplishment.

After a canter of some twenty minutes the corporal reined in his horse.

"I can't think what's happened tae O'Farrell tae let the beasties get sae far away," he muttered discontentedly. "There's nae grass to speak of over there. I told him aboot it this mornin'. Look out, lad!"—for the Major had thrown up his head suddenly and come to a standstill, snorting, and nearly unseating his small rider.

"Why did he do that?" asked the boy in wonder, as he settled himself once more in the saddle, and got a fresh hold on the reins. "There was n't any hole there, was there?"

For a minute the corporal made no reply. His own horse was snuffing the air uneasily, and the trooper's keen glance traveled slowly along the horizon and over the herded cattle before it came back to the small figure at his side.

"Maybe there's grass burnin'," he said, finally. "The smell o' thet always makes 'em fretty."

He put his animal to a gallop as he spoke, and the distance to the herd began to diminish rapidly.

"See how uneasy the other horses are," said Danny, as they neared the grazing-ground. "Whatever the trouble is, they know it too."

There could be no doubt of that fact. O'Farrell's apparent carelessness was explained. The animals were in almost constant motion, moving from side to side, browsing for a moment, only to pause and snuff the air in the same alarmed fashion which Danny and Mackenzie had noticed in their own horses a few minutes before. The men in charge were riding to and fro, heading off the refractory leaders, and doing their best to turn them toward the post, but without avail. Slowly but surely the herd was edging in the opposite direction along the bluff.

O'Farrell came to meet them. He was a young Irish lad who had been in the service only a short time, and gave promise of making a most excellent soldier. On the present occasion his round, jolly face wore a troubled look.

"It 's welcome ye are, Corporal, sure!" he exclaimed, mopping his hot face. "If I 'd had any way of gettin' word to ye, ye 'd have been here long ago; but it took the two of us to kape the bastes together, and, faith, ten men could n't have done more. I can't think what 's got into them!"

He turned his horse and reined it in beside Mackenzie's gray, surveying the increasing restlessness of the animals in despair, yet conscious of inexpressible relief at the presence of a more experienced pair of shoulders on which to shift the responsibility.

"How long hef they been like this?" asked the corporal, after a silence in which his face became more and more grave.

"For the betther part of the afternoon."

Mackenzie's eyes wandered once again over the empty hills. "Ye 've got a good nose, Larry," he said finally; "hef ye smelt anything in the way o' a prairie fire?"

The other shook his head. "Nothin'," he replied; "that is, nothin' to spake of. There was some smoke up there to the north this forenoon; but I have n't seen it since."

The corporal's face changed suddenly.

"Steady, was it?" he queried, "or puffy, like?"

"A bit puffy. Nothin' to spake of—it died out right away."

The veteran groaned. "And ye should hef made for hame gin ye saw thet first puff!" he muttered, adding something under his breath about "the silliness o' sending babes and innocents tae do this kind o' work!"

"What 's up?" asked the young soldier, anxiously. "You don't think it 's—?"

The elder man made an imperceptible gesture toward the child.

"There 's mischief of some sort brewin'," he said gravely. "And we 'd better get out o' this, gin we want tae carry a whole skin with us. Head off those mules—they 'll stampede the lot! Laddie, coom with me!" He turned his horse in the direction of the river as he spoke, taking out his revolver and carefully examining it while he rode.

"Mackenzie," said the little boy, softly, drawing nearer to his friend's side, "do you think it is Indians?" He was not particularly alarmed

at the unexpected danger which threatened them—he had the greatest faith in the corporal's ability to protect him from harm. But the face which the soldier turned slowly toward him in answer to his question was grim and set with a fear such as he had never known—nor could know—for himself! He would have given his life gladly, in the face of that deadly and too well understood peril, to have felt that little Dan was within the friendly shelter of the fort!

"I 'm no sayin' it 's Indians, lad," he said at length; "but when ye don't like the look o' things it 's better tae be prepared for the worst. There 's twa possibilities ahead o' us. One 's the stampede o' the herd, which would be bad enough; the other 's that which is behind the fright o' the animals, which is far worse! Whatever happens, naething I can do will save ye, gin ye don't act like yir feyther's son and try tae help yirsel'."

He paused. While speaking he had worked his way steadily across the front of the herd, driving back such animals as he could without waste of time, but continually increasing the distance between himself and the main body of the drove. His duty as a soldier was simply to save his captain's child! By the time he had reached a point to the left of the center of the herd, experience told him that the disaster which he dreaded was not long to be delayed.

He took the last moment for a few final warning words.

"Mind one thing, laddie! Whatever comes, gie the Major his head and hold on! He 'll carry ye safe, and he can show a clean pair o' heels tae the fastest o' them! Eh! I thought as much! Get yir horse's head round, lad! Be ready!"

The avalanche was upon them!

Some seconds earlier the lead-mules of an ambulance-team on the farther side of the grazing-ground had thrown up their heads in sudden fright and caromed into the horses feeding near them, and those in turn had plunged against their neighbors, and then the whole herd, catching the infection of their terror, had bunched itself and started—a maddened, flying mass!

It seemed years to Dan, giddy and breathless from terror, before it reached him. For a brief instant he thought he saw O'Farrell and some

unknown mounted figures behind it; then the air about him grew thick with dust, the noise of the beating hoofs increased to a deafening roar, and every faculty became absorbed in the effort to obey Mackenzie's instructions and to keep him in sight; for the corporal's gray, nervous and fidgety at best, had no sooner caught sight of the oncoming body than it bolted, speeding along the edge of the bluff, uncontrollable and unguidable, to plunge after a few seconds into a sandy ravine which ran up into the plain from the river-bottom—disappearing before the lad's straining gaze as completely as if swallowed by the friendly earth!

aside the bushes, and stared, transfixed, at the spectacle before him.

Above his head, a broad swath of broken branches and uprooted reeds showed where horse and rider had crashed through the bushes to their fate. At his feet, a huddled, shapeless mass, was the runaway! And beyond lay the corporal, his blouse torn to ribbons and gray with dust, his upturned face drawn and still—a red stream trickling slowly down from a gaping wound in his forehead, to form an ever-growing stain in the sand beside him!

Little by little Dan crept to the trooper's side and gazed with wide eyes into the quiet



IN THE PATH OF THE STAMPEDE—"THE WHOLE HERD HAD STARTED—A MADDENED, FLYING MASS!"

A minute or two later the Major, following almost in the footprints of his stable-mate, paused on the brink of the little gully, and then carefully, and without harm to his clinging burden, slid and floundered down its shelving sides, and stopped, quivering, at the bottom.

There was something disconcerting in the change from the recent rush and turmoil of the upper world to the gloom and stillness of the leafy covert. Danny caught his breath and peered half timidly through the underbrush. "Mackenzie," he called softly; "oh, Mackenzie!" And then with a sudden low, horrified cry he slipped from the Major's back, thrust

face. Some vaguely formed protest against the injustice of fate crept through the child-mind. The peril from which he had just escaped—the possible peril even now lurking in the woods about him—was as nothing compared with this terrible stillness and helplessness of his friend!

Danny began to cry, not loudly, but with deep-drawn, shivering breaths, while the Major, with hanging, loosened reins, sniffed protestingly at the motionless body of his late comrade. There was a silence, broken only by the chirping of the sparrows in the thicket and the rustle of the leaves overhead.

Suddenly Dan looked up, and drew his sleeve across his eyes.

A deep sigh had escaped from the blue lips, and with a frown of pain Mackenzie stirred uneasily and turned his face toward the boy. Dan's first wild thrill of joy vanished at the sight of the blood which welled up afresh from the wound with the movement. Instinct told him that the flickering life could not long sustain such a loss.

The winter before he had been present while the hospital steward bound up a wound for one of the soldiers, and the attention with which he had followed the operation did him good service now.

He took out his handkerchief and measured its small length against the trooper's forehead. Then he looked about him for a more effectual bandage, and his eye fell upon the narrow leather cinch at his waist, a recent and much-prized gift from the Mexican saddler in his father's troop. It was the work of only a few seconds to unfasten it, and to make a pad of the bit of linen, after which, with much difficulty, he adjusted the strap about the corporal's head, and pulled it tight. And terrified as the child was, and tender and feeble and fluttering as his small fingers were, they did their work thoroughly, and the fatal tide at first slowly ebbed, and at length ceased.

When the task was accomplished, Danny looked about him helplessly. "What shall we do now, Major?" he said, addressing himself to his only companion.

The corporal stirred. "And ye'll keep his head straight, lad," he murmured feebly, his half-conscious mind taking up the counsel to his charge where it had been interrupted by the stampede; "and ye'll steer him for hame—for hame!" he repeated once again in stronger tones.

The child bent over him. "Am I to go for help, Mackenzie?" he said eagerly. "Do you mean I am to go for help?"

He waited a moment in expectant silence; but the trooper had drifted off into unconsciousness, and there was no reply. Then he rose to his feet. There seemed nothing left but to obey. "Come, Major," he said tremulously.

He made his way slowly to the horse's side,

climbed up on the stump of a fallen oak, and from that to the animal's back, and with one wistful backward glance at the grimly quiet objects at his feet bent his head over the Major's neck and wound both hands in his mane, while the sagacious beast clambered up the side of the ravine, to emerge a minute later upon the open prairie.

Away to the north a cloud of dust marked the recent passage of the herd. On every other side swept the tableland, empty and placid and smiling. And beyond, to the south, stood the fort and home. Danny took heart, settled himself in the saddle, and put the Major into a smart canter, holding the reins firmly, and trying to recall the corporal's instructions while he rode, thinking with an ever-recurring pang of his friend's condition, happy that the distance to the necessary succor was diminishing so rapidly, and totally forgetful of the anxiety which had agitated the veteran before the accident that had separated them.

Suddenly, at the end of some fifteen minutes of tranquil riding, as the Major galloped along the edge of the timber which fringed the bluff, there was a loud crackling and crashing in the bushes, and a gaily decorated war-pony scrambled through them, his rider grunting in surly surprise; while at the same moment, from the thicket beyond, three other half-naked mounted figures appeared and lined up in the path which led to safety.

The child's heart stopped beating. His frontier training told him that all that had gone before, even the tragedy which had darkened the afternoon, was as nothing compared with this new and awful danger. In a paroxysm of terror he tried to stop Major—tried with all his small strength to turn him aside toward the open plain, to check his mad plunge into the very arms of the enemy. But for the first time the horse paid attention neither to the beloved voice nor to the tiny hands pulling so desperately upon the reins.

Whether it was the sight of an old and hated foe, or whether the wise, kind heart of the animal realized the full extent of a peril of which the child was as yet only half aware, it would be hard to say. But little Dan found himself going faster than he had thought possible—

and faster—and faster—till the tawny, sun-burned plain, and the pitiless smiling sky, and the nearer, greener foliage of the willows, and even the outlines of the dreaded savages themselves became as so many parts of a great rushing, whirling whole, and all his strength was absorbed in the effort to retain his seat upon the bounding horse.

And so, like some vision from their own weird legends, straight down upon the astonished Indians swept the great bronze beast with its golden-haired burden! Down upon them, and through them, and away—till by the time they had recovered from their amazement there was a good fifty yards between them and their flying prey! And that distance, hard as they might ride, was not easily to be overcome!

After that first wild rush the Major settled into a steadier pace—a smooth, even run, so easy to sit that the lad relaxed his clutch upon the animal's mane and turned his eyes to the horizon, where gathering swarms of savages showed like clusters of ants against the slope of the hillside. In his track, with shrill, singing cries, like hounds upon a trail, came his pursuers. And far to the south there was a puff of white smoke from the walls of the fort, and a moment later the first heavy, echoing boom of the alarm-gun thundered across the plains!

Within the stockaded inclosure the sunny hours wore tranquilly away. Mrs. Kent's passing uneasiness about the Major subsided, and she returned placidly to her domestic duties. Late in the afternoon, when the baby had been bathed and freshly dressed and the nurse had taken her to play in the shade of the bandstand, Mrs. Kent came out to join her husband and a group of ladies and gentlemen on the piazza.

"There must be a prairie fire somewhere," she remarked as she seated herself; "I have been smelling smoke all the afternoon."

"We were just talking about it," answered Mrs. Lane, the doctor's wife; "I am certain I saw smoke to the northward before luncheon. There is no sign of it now, but the odor is distinct!"

At that moment one of the younger lieuten-

ants approached from the gate which led toward the corral. "Danny has gone riding, has he not, Kent?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the officer; "he went with Mackenzie."

"Have you confidence in the corporal's discretion?"

"Absolute!" was the emphatic answer. "Why do you ask?"

"Because there is some trouble with the herd. The animals are unaccountably restless, and the officer of the day has asked for a detail to go out and assist in bringing them in." He spoke in an undertone, but the captain laid a hand upon his arm and drew him away from the piazza.

"Are there signs of any other trouble?" he asked gravely.

The young fellow shook his head. "Not as yet," he replied; "but they seem to think it better to be on the safe side."

He went on to his own quarters, and the captain thoughtfully retraced his steps in the direction of the piazza. As he regained it a shot rang out—a shot that brought officers and men all over the garrison to their feet, that blanched the faces of the women, and called forth a cry of agony from Mrs. Kent.

"Indians!" she moaned. "Indians! Oh, George!—and Danny!"

Her husband caught her in his arms and carried her indoors. "Courage, dearest, courage!" he whispered, as he snatched up saber and pistols, and with a hasty farewell he left her. What he had to do must be done quickly!

The first report had been followed by another, and another, as each sentinel in turn took up and echoed the alarm. After those came the crashing bang and roar of the six-pounder, the sinister humming of the "long roll," and the shrill notes of the bugles as they sounded "boots and saddles." To an inexperienced eye the scene which resulted would have seemed like hopeless confusion.

The barracks swarmed with hastily armed men, the air was filled with the clatter of sabers and the rattle of carbines, with hurriedly shouted orders, calls, questions, till the "assembly" put a temporary check upon the uproar and the troopers departed for the stables.

There saddles were flung across the horses' backs, girths were jerked tight, and, in less time than it has taken to describe the formation, the infantrymen detailed to protect the garrison were at their posts behind the stockade, and the troops of cavalry were mounted and ready for their work.

"For'rd, trot, march!" The bugles repeated the command with blatant clamor, and the troops swept through the gate of the corral and halted by one of the bastions for their orders — grimly silent, compact bodies of men, trained by

fort; K forming a skirmish-line at the foot of the slope some hundreds of yards to the west; and B, under Dan's own father, starting at a brisk trot along the western face of the stockade. The men were unusually grave as they rounded its last corner. There was not one among them who did not feel a pang at the thought of the tiny child practically alone and unprotected on those desolate prairies; they were full of mute sympathy for the soldier who rode with white, stern face at their head.

As they paused for a final momentary halt,



"ON—ON—AND UP INTO THE AIR!"

long, hard years of such service as the soldiers of to-day can never know. To have seen them once in battle array is to have seen that which one can never forget! There was a quiet satisfaction on the face of the garrison commander as he regarded them, field-glass in hand, from his post of observation on top of the block-house. His wishes were briefly expressed: "B, to the north after the herd; K, to the west; L, in reserve until needed."

Once again the bugles sounded, and the troops separated to their respective duties — L waiting at "place rest" on the plain beside the

the sergeant of the troop moved to the side of his commander. "There are some animals running by the timber to the left, Captain," he observed hurriedly. The officer regarded the moving figures intently, then he turned his face for a brief instant full upon his followers. "Those are mounted horsemen, lads!" he exclaimed; "and they are coming this way! Column right, gallop, march!" And the troopers, catching the subtle excitement in his tone, settled themselves in their saddles, and with a rousing cheer thundered across the plain in the direction indicated.

To Danny, as he swept along on the road to safety, the minutes which succeeded the report of the alarm-gun were full of anguish. He grew sick and giddy with the rush of his passage. The rhythmic beat of the horse's feet upon the turf mingled in a dull monotone with the roar of the wind in his ears.

The fort grew steadily nearer. In spite of his terror he began to distinguish the figures of the soldiers as they swarmed about its walls in response to the call to arms, the hurry and confusion of the preparations, and finally even the color of the black horses in his father's troop as they started across the plain in his direction. With a little moan of appeal, he turned the Major toward them.

The friction of the reins had fretted the sweat upon the horse's neck into a heavy lather, he threw up his head uneasily from time to time in the effort for more air, and at length, with a spasm of dread, the child felt his smooth run slacken to a pounding gallop, while in the rear, with sinister insistence, the shrill, crooning cries of the Indians grew perceptibly louder. Danny glanced over his shoulder. His pursuers were close at his heels, riding low down on their unkempt ponies, their lithe, half-naked bodies gleaming like bronze statues, the red and yellow of their war-paint showing up sharply in the strong light of the afternoon.

The boy grew sick at heart, turned once more to the plains in front of him, and uttered a wailing cry of terror.

Before him, almost at his feet, lay a yawning gulf—one of those steep-sided arroyos which begin in a tiny crack, and increase with the storms and frosts of succeeding winters till they form impassable chasms. The one in question was fully fifteen feet in width, and the lad clutched the animal's mane, and waited, numb with horror, for the end. The savages, seeing the unexpected peril which confronted him, broke into a series of triumphant yells. At the same moment, clear and distinct in the still air, came the bugle-notes of the "charge."

The Major threw up his head at the sound; it was the well-remembered war-cry of his young, strong days; it woke an answering echo in his faithful heart, and, with a supreme and final effort of his failing strength, he responded to its command. The muscles on his extended neck grew stiff and tense with energy; his nostrils widened; he laid his small ears back, and gathered his mighty limbs under him. On—on—and up into the air! The lad closed his eyes. There was a crashing, stumbling jar, and then the horse recovered himself and galloped jerkily forward to meet his oncoming mates.

Danny was only vaguely conscious of the singing of the bullets above his head and of the cries of his baffled pursuers as they retreated before the fire of the troopers. He saw his father's face through a mist of long-delayed tears, and a significant silence fell upon the men as they closed about the staggering horse, and their leader lifted his son from the saddle and held him for a brief space against his heart.

Half an hour later, when the rattle of musketry and the crash of the Gatling guns in the sand-bag battery beside the fort had died away, the herd had been recovered, and the Indians had retreated to the shadows of the hills, a small procession wound along the edge of the timber. In the midst of it was a canvas-covered wagon with a red cross on its white sides. About that, armed and watchful, rode the soldiers of L troop. Under its shelter sat the surgeon, and at his feet lay Mackenzie, bandaged and cared for. As the sunlight faded and the evening gun sounded over the plains the little train reached the stockade, the gates opened, and the last of our heroes gained the friendly shelter of the walls.

So ends the story, and it has no moral. Only, if you had seen Danny's mother that evening, as, clinging to the Major's neck, she wept for very joy, you never could doubt the value of fidelity and courage—even in a horse.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

M for the Music, merry and clear;
E for the Eve, the crown of the year.
R for the Rumping of bright girls and boys;
R for the Reindeer that bring them the toys;
Y for the Yule-log softly aglow.

C for the Cold of the sky and the snow;
H for the Hearth where they hang up the hose;
R for the Reel which the old folks propose.
I for the Icicles seen through the pane;
S for the Sleigh-bells, with tinkling refrain,
T for the Tree with gifts all abloom;
M for the Mistletoe hung in the room;
A for the Anthems we all love to hear;
S for ST NICHOLAS—joy of the year!





HOP
WING

and the Missing Treasure

(Fifth story of the series entitled "The City of Stories." Begun in the September number.)

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL.

THE Princess and the Younger Son now were not far from the city gate. So they walked to the gate to see whether the Tower Clock was in sight. The Princess looked one way, and the Younger Son looked the other. At last they saw him striding along.

"Ready to go home?" said the Tower Clock.

"No, indeed," the Princess replied, "we're going back to read another story."

"That's right," said the Clock; "and I'd advise you to try the Chinese quarter."

"Do they have a Chinese quarter here?" asked the Younger Son, in surprise.

"Certainly," said the Tower Clock, pointing.

The Princess and the Younger Son looked toward the quarter to which the Clock pointed,

and saw quaint bamboo roofs, dragon-flags flying, and great paper lanterns. Without another word they turned their steps that way, and soon found beneath their feet the story of

HOP WING AND THE MISSING TREASURE.

During a certain reign in the Shin dynasty, a governor named Queng-te ruled over one of the Eastern Provinces. Governor Queng-te was a very clever fellow, and what is more, he knew it, and what is more yet, he wanted every one else to know it. One morning he felt so especially well pleased with himself that he issued a proclamation to this effect: To any person who should ask him a question that he could not answer correctly, he promised that

there should be paid a reward of a hundred strings of cash.

This offer remained in force a whole year; but as Queng-te never had the least trouble in replying to the questions put to him, the money remained in his treasury. At the beginning of the second year he increased the amount offered to one thousand taels; and it seemed as if he might have promised a great deal more than that with perfect safety, for another twelvemonth went by, and still no one was sharp enough to win the reward.

At this period there lived in one of the districts of the province a worthy scholar whose name was Hop Wing. He was a youth of good sense and great promise, having already passed his first examination with honor, and received his bachelor's degree. But, unfortunately, he was very poor, and was forced to eke out a living by acting as secretary to the magistrate of the district—a man by the name of How-fu. This official was far from being a kind master; and Mr. Wing was obliged to work hard for miserably small pay. Moreover, although How-fu was niggardly enough with his money, he was quite the reverse with his fault-finding and abuse. Whenever he had a chance he would berate his poor secretary roundly, often for the most trifling cause, and sometimes for no cause whatever. The truth is that only by the merest good luck had How-fu passed through his examination and secured his present position, for which in reality he was not at all a fit person; and, knowing that Mr. Wing was a young man of merit and well liked in the district, he was jealous of him, and wanted to keep him crowded back in obscurity. In fact, he would not have been sorry for a chance to put him out of the way altogether.

One day How-fu came to his secretary in a towering rage. He declared he had just missed from his treasury a bag containing the sum of one thousand taels. It had been in a certain place the night before, and now it was gone. No one but Mr. Wing knew where it had been put, consequently, it being no longer there, he must have stolen it.

On hearing this charge the poor secretary was thunderstruck; but as soon as he could

find his voice he protested his innocence vehemently. To what purpose? His words were merely wasted breath. The magistrate would not listen, and would hardly allow him an opportunity to speak at all.

"You thieving rascal!" he cried; "restore the treasure you have stolen, or you shall lose your head. I give you twenty-four hours to decide whether you will surrender the one or the other."

"Alas! how am I to restore that which I have not?" exclaimed the unfortunate Mr. Wing. "I know no more where your money is than does a child just born."

"Oh! then since you have forgotten where you have hidden it," sneered his master, "why do you not go and ask our wise governor about it? No doubt His Excellency will tell you at once where it is; or even should he be unable to do so, he will present you, according to his promise, with the sum of one thousand taels. So in either case you will be in a position to make good what you have taken from me."

Although it grieved him sorely to be charged with a crime he had not committed, nevertheless, seeing that he could not prove his innocence, Mr. Wing found some comfort in these last words of his cruel master. There seemed to lie a way out of the difficulty that was well worth considering.

"Grant me the time to go to the capital and see the governor, and I will do what I can to save my head," said he.

"I give you a week's grace," replied the magistrate. "At the end of that time I must have either my taels or your worthless head. So remember," he added grimly, "it is *head or taels* with you."

The wicked How-fu could afford to joke, for he was very well aware—none better—where the missing bag lay; and as he was quite sure Governor Queng-te could not know anything about the matter, he confidently expected Hop Wing to bring back a thousand taels, which he would then add to his already large hoard.

The next day, accompanied by a guard imposed upon him by How-fu, the unhappy secretary started on his journey up to the capital city of the province. After three days he arrived there safely, and was hastening to present

himself before the wise Queng-te, when a startling piece of news came to his ears. It seemed that on that very morning the governor, who now began to look on himself as the cleverest person in the empire, had again amended his proclamation so as to make it stand in effect as follows:

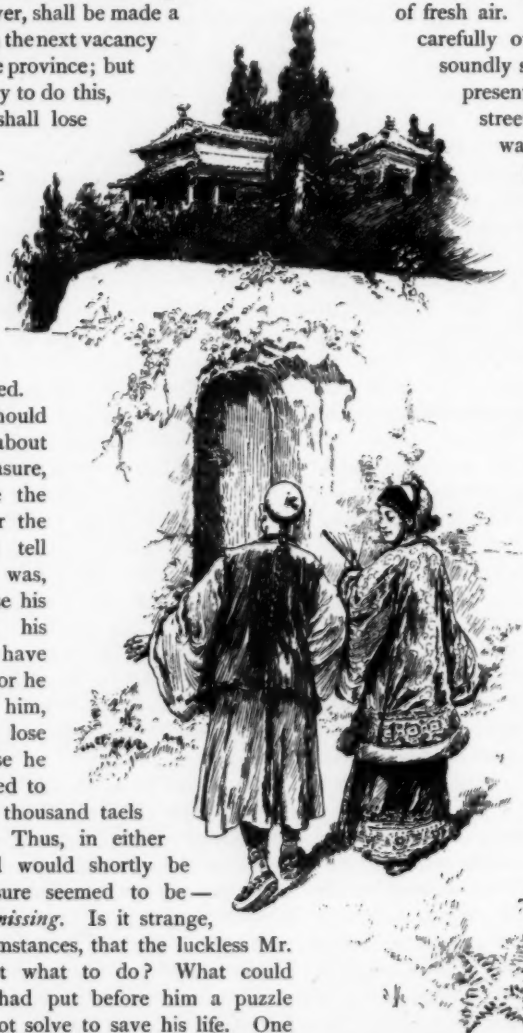
"Whoever shall ask His Excellency a question to which he cannot at once give the correct answer, shall be made a magistrate when the next vacancy shall occur in the province; but whoever shall try to do this, and shall fail, shall lose his head."

Certainly here was a great change in the state of affairs. As the case now rested, unhappy Mr. Wing's life was worth little indeed. Suppose he should ask Queng-te about the lost treasure, what would be the result? Either the governor could tell him where it was, and he must lose his head because his question would have been answered, or he could not tell him, and he must lose his head because he would have failed to restore the one thousand taels to his master. Thus, in either event, his head would shortly be where the treasure seemed to be—that is to say, *missing*. Is it strange, under the circumstances, that the luckless Mr. Wing knew not what to do? What could he do? Fate had put before him a puzzle that he could not solve to save his life. One thing, however, was certain: he was no longer in a hurry to call on Governor Queng-te, for

now nothing was to be gained by such a step, and everything was to be lost.

Filled with despondency, he betook himself to an inn, where he hoped to get a much needed night's rest, for his long journey had greatly fatigued him. But his mind was too full of his troubles to permit of his sleeping, and so, after tossing restlessly for some hours, he resolved to go out and get a breath of fresh air. Accordingly, he stepped carefully over his guard, who lay soundly sleeping by the door, and presently found his way to the street. Then he began to walk, and he walked so far that finally he came

into a new part of the city, where he saw a number of people entering a gateway that led into a large private garden. As he stood looking on, he heard that it was a wedding-party, and among the guests he recognized his pretty cousin whose name was Ning Woo. She asked him if he would like to attend the wedding. On his accepting her invitation, she conducted him through this gateway and into the house. After having passed through several fine rooms, they came into one that was larger and more magnificent than any Mr. Wing had seen hitherto. Here was gathered a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen, all of whom appeared to be persons of consequence. Pres-



"SHE CONDUCTED HIM THROUGH THIS GATEWAY AND INTO THE HOUSE."

ently the bride entered the apartment, attended by a dozen or more young girls, among whom was Miss Ning Woo. The groom being already there, the party now sat down to the wedding-feast, at which the most exquisite meats and wines were served. The guests were in the liveliest spirits, as was quite natural, and merry jests and ripples of laughter were frequently heard, though all the while perfect good-breeding and decorum were maintained.

By and by boiling water was brought in, and fragrant tea was handed about in cups of finest porcelain. Then a number of the young men and young girls arose, and, taking position on the floor, entertained the company by dancing several pleasing figures to the music of flageolets. Each dancer carried a gauze lantern in the shape of a water-lily or some other beautiful flower, and at the close of their dance each in a graceful manner offered a pretty little gift to some one of the spectators. Nobody was forgotten in the distribution: Mr. Wing received a piece of sky-blue silk of fine texture, on which a picture had been painted. This was presented to him by his cousin, Miss Ning.

"I beg you will do me the honor to accept this," said she, with a charming smile. "It is of my own handiwork. If you will hang it on the wall in your room to-night, I hope it may bring you good luck."

In due time, all the festivities being over, the assemblage broke up, and Mr. Wing was shown to the room where he was to pass the remainder of the night. There, recalling the advice of Miss Ning, he hung the little painting on the wall. Then he lay down upon a sleeping-mat, and, forgetting all his tribulations, at once fell into a sound slumber.

After a while he suddenly awoke, and at the same instant his eyes fixed themselves on Miss Ning's gift. Strange to relate, the picture was growing larger. Indeed, it grew so rapidly that in a few moments it covered entirely the wall where it had been hung. In it were several human figures, now of life-size. One of them—that of an old priest—presently stepped out from its place, and thus addressed the astonished Mr. Wing:

"My son, I come to you in this manner that I may do you a service. I know of your diffi-



"WITH HIS MAGIC SWORD HE HEWED AND HACKED AT THE DRAGON'S CLAWS."

culties, and I can put you in a way to extricate yourself from them. I have a brother who is far wiser and more powerful than I, and it is to him that I shall send you for aid. You cannot reach him without some peril, for there are always wicked demons abroad who try to prevent good actions from being done. However, if you will follow my instructions, you will escape with nothing worse than a bad fright. Take this wooden sword, and use it freely in defending yourself. If you should be too sorely pressed, call upon my brother, Ten Shun by name, and he will send you relief."

Having spoken these words, the aged priest returned to the wall, and became again a part of the painting, which then quickly shrank to its original size.

While Mr. Wing was regretting that he had not asked the old gentleman how he was to find his brother, he heard the watchman in the street beating midnight on his wooden gong.

This sound had hardly died away when there came a crashing of glass, and then a small bird, looking much like a bat, flew into the room, and settled down to the floor. It had no sooner alighted than it began to increase in size until, much to Mr. Wing's alarm, it had become a full-fledged dragon, and began to vomit forth flame and smoke in a frightful manner. The fierce creature rushed upon the young man as if bent on his destruction, but the latter instinctively raised his wooden sword and warded off the attack. Finding itself thus baffled, the dragon retreated for a moment, then suddenly dashed down, and seizing Mr. Wing in its claws, flew away, carrying off a part of the house-roof on its back as it did so.

Although considerably frightened, the young man did not lose all his courage. With his magic sword he hewed and hacked at the dragon's claws so vigorously that the creature shortly was forced to drop him to the ground. As soon as he touched earth he put his legs to good use by running away with all his might. Thereupon his enemy changed itself into a huge demon with four heads and eight legs, and started in hot pursuit. By dint of great exertion Mr. Wing succeeded in keeping the lead until he came to a river, which he was much puzzled to know how to cross. As the demon was close upon him, he had no other resort than to pronounce the name of Ten Shun, which he did in a loud voice. Immediately he was changed into a stone, and at the same moment his own shadow appeared on the opposite bank of the river. The demon, arriving on the spot, saw the shadow and stupidly mistook it for the reality. Uttering a howl of rage, he caught up the stone that *was* Hop Wing and cast it across the river after the shadow that *was not* Hop Wing. Thus did the young man reach the other bank, and once there, he was restored to his natural form. But the demon was not easily baffled. When he saw his intended victim making off, he changed himself into a dry leaf and was blown over the river after him. Alighting, he turned back into a demon and continued the chase. Mr. Wing now plunged into a dense wood, but ere long, being hard pressed, he again called upon Ten Shun for assistance. His call was answered,

and he became a thick mist which so obscured everything in the forest that for a few moments the demon was quite nonplussed to think where his prey could have escaped to. But he was by no means at the end of his resources yet. He changed himself into a roaring fire, and soon entirely dried up the mist. As Mr. Wing, in the form of vapor, rose toward the clouds he was transformed into a kite shaped like a dragon and really quite horrible to look upon. His enemy was nothing daunted, however, for he quickly grasped the string and pulled it in until he had the kite fast in his clutches.

When Mr. Wing came back to his natural form, what was his alarm to find that the demon had hung him from the bough of a tree by a stout cord which was tied securely about his



"THE OLD MAN TOOK FROM HIS GIRDLE A SMALL BAMBOO PIPE, AND BLEW INTO IT GENTLY."

neck! Yet, strange to say, although he was dangling helplessly with his feet at some distance from the ground, the knot did not choke

him or cause him any serious discomfort. Still the position was far from being pleasant, and so now for the third time he pronounced the name of Ten Shun. No immediate response came, but as soon as the demon—who evidently thought he had made an end of Hop Wing—had disappeared among the trees, the rope began of itself to lengthen, so that in a few moments the young man was standing on firm earth once more. A touch of the wooden sword released him from his hempen necktie, and he was again free. Just then he suddenly became aware that a venerable man stood before him.

"Hop Wing," said this person, "you have called me, and I am here. You are in trouble, and as I think you deserving of aid, I shall help you."

Whereupon the old man, who was no other than Ten Shun, took from his girdle a small bamboo pipe and blew into it gently. In a moment a pill not much larger than a grain of rice dropped out. This he presented to Hop Wing, saying:

"Swallow this, and by its virtue knowledge shall be yours that will take you safely through all difficulties and dangers."

Mr. Wing put the pill into his mouth, when straightway it seemed to slip down his throat of its own accord. Immediately all his cares and perplexities vanished; and when he turned to thank the old priest he had vanished also. Nor were these the only strange things that came to pass; for all of a sudden Mr. Wing seemed to awake as if from a dream, and on rubbing his eyes he perceived that he had been lying upon the hard ground on a hillside near a large fox-hole. Then he knew he had fallen in with some fox-people, one of whom had assumed the form of his cousin, and that they had befriended him.*

Thanks to the priest's pill, Mr. Wing now could see his course laid out before him plainly. With a light heart he made his way back to the inn, where he found his guard in a sad fright over his supposed escape.

Having refreshed himself with some breakfast, he confidently set out to seek an audience with

the governor, who received him without too much delay. To him he made known the story of the missing treasure, and having done so, he concluded his address in these words:

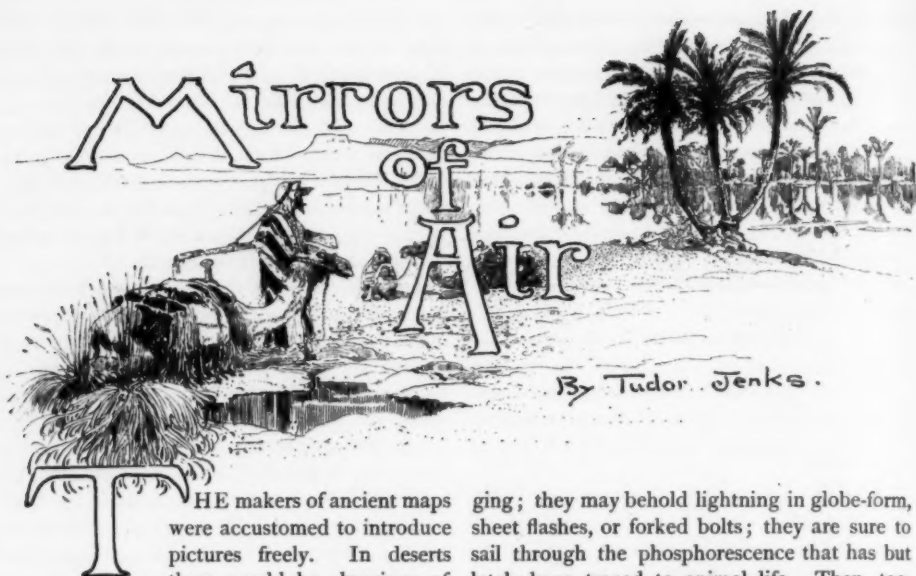
"Your Excellency will realize therefore that I am in a most awkward dilemma. What I desire to ask is this—and I doubt not your Excellency will be able to give me a correct answer to my question: How am I to get out of my difficulty and yet save my life?"

For the first time since issuing his famous proclamation Queng-te hesitated to reply to a questioner. In truth he was as much puzzled to save his credit as had been Hop Wing the day before to save his life. According to the terms of the proclamation, every questioner whom he answered correctly must forfeit his head; but in this case if the questioner lost his head, then his question would not have been correctly answered. Here was a state of things which, with all his cleverness, the governor had not foreseen. What reply should he make to Mr. Wing's query? The more he cogitated over this matter the more bewildering did it become. Finally, quite at a loss what else to do, he took refuge in an evasion. Assuming an air of great dignity and unutterable wisdom, he said:

"Young man, your undeserved misfortunes touch me deeply; and as I should be loath to add to them by depriving you of your life, I shall consider your question as not asked. I strongly suspect that Magistrate How-fu has treated you with unmerited rigor, and I shall have his affairs looked into at once. Meanwhile, you will remain under my especial protection."

On investigation it was proved not only that How-fu had hidden away the bag of one thousand taels which he had accused his secretary of stealing, but that he had embezzled funds to a large amount. Accordingly he was put to death as a punishment for his wrong-doings; and Mr. Wing, who was quite worthy of the honor, was appointed to the vacant place. And thus was kept Governor's Queng-te's promise that whoever succeeded in puzzling him should be made a magistrate to fill the first vacancy.

* There is a superstition among the Chinese that foxes have the power of taking human shape at will, and are supernaturally gifted to work enchantments for the good or evil of ordinary mortals, as may suit their purposes.



By Tudor Jenks.

THE makers of ancient maps were accustomed to introduce pictures freely. In deserts there would be drawings of lions, and along rivers they made "river-horses," — which is the meaning of the Greek words that were put together to make up "hippopotamus." As for the oceans, they were filled up with any queer monsters that came to hand. Of course these pictures helped to hide great spaces that would otherwise have been staring blanks.

Besides, men understood very little about the strange happenings in the world around them, and invented fairy-tales to explain these mysteries. It is not remarkable, then, that so late as Columbus's time his sailors did not at all like to think of sailing westward into the unknown ocean full of such fabulous creatures and magic happenings. Even with all that wise and studious men have learned since, there is enough to be met with in a long ocean voyage to excite wonder and alarm.

Sailors may see auroras, the strange "Northern Lights," the cause of which is even now little more than guessed at; they may be surrounded by water-spouts, which are not entirely explained as yet; they may meet "tidal" (that is, earthquake) waves, that rise from thirty to sixty feet, or even more, above the surface; they may be amazed by "St. Elmo's fire," the sparkling flames that play about masts and rig-

ging; they may behold lightning in globe-form, sheet flashes, or forked bolts; they are sure to sail through the phosphorescence that has but lately been traced to animal life. Then, too, storms and calms, fogs and moonlight, bring strange sights.

Altogether, the ocean is a wonderland that has new marvels every day; the very color of the sea is hardly twice the same.

Yet, amid all these wonders, to one sight especially is the name "wonderful" applied in many languages — for *mirage*, coming from the Latin through the French, means simply "The Wonderful." Nor is it strange that the mirage should have won this name. Imagine that you are with the two fishermen in the picture on the next page. It is a hot, hazy day, and you are drifting lazily along over a quiet sea, when suddenly you hear an exclamation from one of the sailors. Looking up, you see him pointing above the horizon. Following the gesture, you are amazed at the sight that has made him cry out.

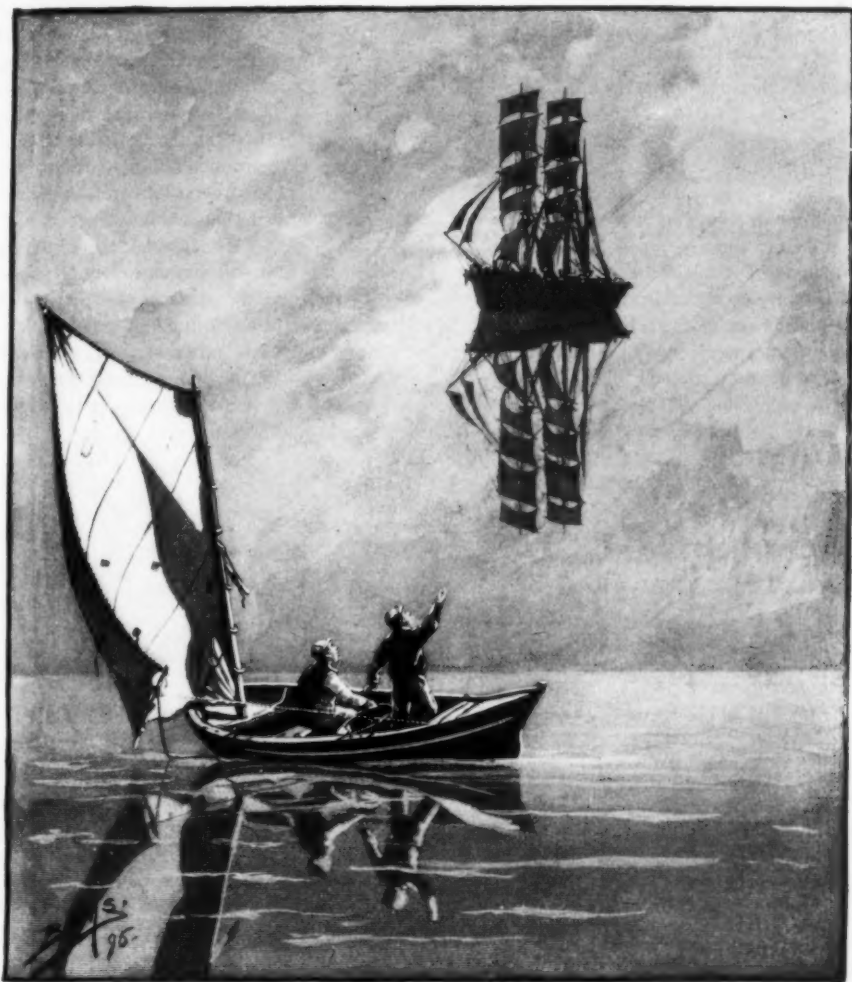
In the sky you see a bark with sails set, while, upside-down, floats its image just below. At times, it is said, the upper rigging also appears in a third image just above the horizon.

That is the *wonderful* sight — the mirage.

Books of adventure have made us all familiar with another form of the mirage. Travelers in the desert are often deceived by the appearance of a lake, upon the borders of which are seen trees

reflected in the glassy surface; but on attempting to approach the water, the thirsty travelers find themselves no nearer to the lake—it seems to tantalize them by keeping just out of reach.

layers of air differently heated. When these rays are so bent as to be almost level with a layer of air, they do not enter it at all, but (so to speak) glance off, and are reflected as if



A MIRAGE, AT SEA.

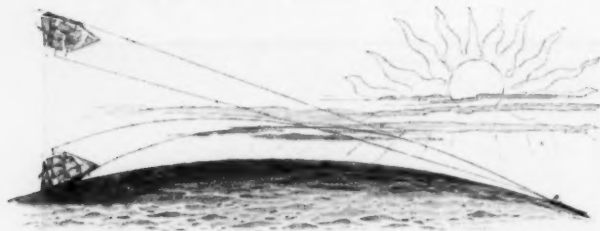
The cause of the mirage is now well understood—so well understood, that there are ways of making small mirages for experiment.

The simplest explanation that I can give is to say that the rays of light coming from the thing that is seen are bent in going through

from a mirror. Then the air reflects just as a glass mirror or a body of water would, if it lay between the eye and the trees or ship.

This explanation will give you a general idea of the cause of the mirage. In the case of the desert the reflecting air-mirror is believed by

the observer to be water, and the image changes its place as you go forward just as a reflection would move as you advanced on a glass mirror.



A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE REAL COURSE OF THE RAYS OF LIGHT (CURVED LINES), AND THEIR APPARENT COURSE (STRAIGHT LINES).

In the case of the ship, the air-mirror seems to be above you, and reflects the ship which is really out of sight over the horizon. But I do not pretend to explain all about the different images that may possibly be formed under different conditions of the atmosphere—that is a school-room task, and a hard one.

The "fata Morgana" is a form or modification of mirage often seen in the straits that separate the toe of the "boot" of Italy and the island of Sicily, just opposite. When the sun is just at the right position, and sea and air are also ready to help, strange views of objects upon the opposite coast are seen from Calabria—sometimes magnified, and set against a background of colored mists. "Fata Morgana" means the Fairy of the Sea.

It is said that sometimes, during a hot and still summer day, by placing the eye close to the surface of a dry road, a mirage can be seen; but I have never tried it.

Before these and other strange sights were understood and explained, we need not wonder that sailors and travelers held many strange beliefs in regard to them.

MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ADMIRAL'S COMPANY.



THE ancient city of Coventry stands upon a little hill, with old St. Michael's steeple and the spire of Holy Trinity church rising above it against the sky; and, as the master-player and the boy came climbing upward from the south, walls, towers, chimneys, and red-tiled roofs were turned to gold by the glow of the setting sun.

To Nick it seemed as if a halo overhung the town—a ruddy glory and a wonder bright; for here the Grey Friars of the great monastery had played their holy mysteries and miracle-plays for over a hundred years; here the trade-guilds had held their pageants when the friars' day was done; here were all the wonders that old men told by winter fires.

People were coming and going through the gates like bees about a hive; and in the distance Nick could hear the sound of many voices, the rush of feet, wheels, and hoofs, and the shrill pipe of music. Here and there were little knots of country folk making holiday—a father and mother with a group of rosy children; a lad and his lass, spruce in new finery, and gay with bits of ribbon,—merry groups that were

ever changing. Gay banners flapped on tall ash staves. The suburb fields were filled with booths and tents and stalls and butts for archery. The very air seemed eager with the eve of holiday.

But what to Nick was breathless wonder was to Carew only a twice-told tale; so he pushed through the crowded thoroughfares, amid a throng that made Nick's head spin round, and came quickly to the Blue Boar Inn.

The court was crowded to the gates with horses, travelers, and serving-men; and here and there and every-

where rushed the busy innkeeper, with a linen napkin fluttering on his arm, his cap half off, and in his hot hand a pewter flagon, from which the brown ale dripped in spatters on his fat legs as he flew.

"They 're here," said Carew, looking shrewdly about; "for there is Gregory Goole, my groom, and Stephen Magelt, the tire-man. In with thee, Nicholas."

He put Nick before him with a little air of patronage, and pushed him into the room.

It was a large, low chamber, with heavy beams overhead, hung with leather jacks and pewter tankards. Around the walls stood rough tables, at which a medley



"THE COURT OF THE BLUE BOAR INN WAS CROWDED TO THE GATES."

of guests sat eating, drinking, dicing, playing at cards, and talking loudly all at once, while the tapster and the cook's knave sped wildly about.

At a great table in the midst of the riot sat the Lord High Admiral's players—a score or

which Nick had never seen before. But all the diners looked up when Carew's face was recognized, and welcomed him with a deafening shout.

He waved his hand for silence.

"Thanks for these kind plaudits, gentle



"MASTER NICHOLAS SKYLARK, THE SWEETEST SINGER IN ALL THE KINGDOM OF ENGLAND!"

more loud-swashing gallants, richly clad in ruffs and bands, embroidered shirts, Italian doublets slashed and laced, Venetian hose, gay velvet caps with jeweled bands, and every man a poniard or a rapier at his hip. Nick felt very much like a little brown sparrow in a flock of gaudy Indian birds.

The board was loaded down with meat and drink; and some of the players were eating with forks, a new trick from the London court,

friends," said he, with a mocking air; "I have returned."

"Yes; we see that ye have, Gaston," they all shouted, and laughed again.

"Ay," said he, thrusting his hand into his pouch, "ye fled, and left me to be spoiled by the spoiler, but ye see I have left the spoiler spoiled."

Lifting his hand triumphantly, he shook in their faces the golden chain that the burgesses

of Stratford had given him, and then, laying his hand upon Nick's shoulder, bowed to them all, and to him with courtly grace, and said: "Be known, be known all! Gentlemen, my Lord Admiral's Players, Master Nicholas Skylark, the sweetest singer in all the kingdom of England!"

Nick's cheeks flushed hotly, and his eyes fell; for they all stared curiously, first at him, and then at Carew standing up behind him, and several grinned mockingly, and winked in a knowing way. He stole a look at Carew; but the master-player's face was frank and quite unmoved, so that Nick felt reassured.

"Why, sirs," said Carew, as some began to laugh and to speak to one another covertly, "it is no jest. He hath a sweeter voice than Cyril Davy's, the best woman's-voice in all London town. Upon my word, it is the sweetest voice a body ever heard—outside of heaven and the holy angels!"—he lowered his tone, and bowed his head a little—"I'll stake mine honour on it!"

"Hast any, Gaston?" called a jeering voice, whereat the whole room roared.

But Carew cried again in a high voice that would be heard above the noise: "Now, hark 'e; what I say is so. It is, upon my word, and on the remnant of mine honour! And to-morrow ye shall see; for Master Skylark is to sing and play with us."

When he had said that, nothing would do but Nick must sit down and eat with them; so they made a place for him and for Master Carew.

Nick bent his head and said a grace, at which some of them laughed, until Carew shook his head with a stern frown; and before he ate he bowed politely to them all, as his mother had taught him to do. They all bowed mockingly, and hilariously offered him wine, which, when he refused, they pressed upon him, until Carew stopped them, saying that he would have no more of that. As he spoke he clapped his hand upon his poniard, and scowled blackly. They all laughed, but offered Nick no more wine; instead, they picked him choice morsels, and made a great deal of him, until his silly young head was quite turned, and he sat up and gave himself a few airs—not many, for

Stratford was no great place in which to pick up airs.

When they had eaten they wanted Nick to sing; but again Carew interposed. "Nay," said he; "he hath just eaten his fill, so he cannot sing. Moreover, he is no jackdaw to screech in such a cage as this. He shall not sing until to-morrow, in the play."

At this some of the leading players who held shares in the venture demurred, doubting if Nick could sing at all; but—"Hark 'e," said Master Carew shortly, clapping his hand upon his poniard, "I say that he can. Do ye take me?"

So they said no more; and shortly after he took Nick away, and left them over their tankards, singing uproariously.

The Blue Boar Inn had not a bed to spare, nor had the players kept a place for Carew; at which he smiled grimly, said he'd not forget it, and took lodgings for himself and Nick at the Three Tuns in the next street.

Nick spoke indeed of his mother's cousin, with whom he had meant to stay, but the master-player protested warmly; so, little loath, and much flattered by the attentions of so great a man, Nick gave over the idea and said no more about it.

When the chamberlain had shown them to their room and they were both undressed, Nick knelt beside the bed and said a prayer, as he always did at home. Carew watched him curiously. It was quiet there, and the light dim; Nick was young, and his yellow hair was very curly. Carew could hear the faint breath murmuring through the boy's lips as he prayed, and while he stared at the little white figure his mouth twitched in a queer way. But he tossed his head, and muttered to himself, "What, Gaston Carew, turning soft? Nay, nay. I'll do it, on my soul I will!" rolled into bed and was soon fast asleep.

As for Nick, what with the excitement of the day, the dazzling fancies in his brain, his tired legs, the weird night noises in the town, and strange, tremendous dreams, he scarce could get to sleep at all; but toward morning he fell into a refreshing doze, and did not wake until the town was loud with May.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MAY-DAY PLAY.

It was soon afternoon. All Coventry was thronged with people keeping holiday, and at the Blue Boar a scene of wild confusion reigned.

Tap-room and hall were crowded with guests; and in the cobbled court horses innumerable stamped and whinnied. The players, with knitted brows, stalked about the quieter nooks, going over their several parts, and looking to their costumes, which were for the most part upon their backs; while the thumping and pounding of the carpenters at work upon the stage in the inn-yard was enough to drive a quiet-loving person wild.

Nick scarcely knew whether he were on his head or on his heels. The master-player would not let him eat at all, after once breaking his fast, for fear it might affect his voice, and had him say his lines a hundred times until he had them pat. Then he was off, directing here, there, and everywhere, until the court was cleared of all that had no business there, and the last surreptitious small boy had been duly projected from the gates by Peter Hostler's hobnailed boot.

"Now, Nick," said Carew, coming up all in a gale, and throwing a sky-blue silken cloak about Nick's shoulders, "thou 'lt enter here"; and he led him to a hallway door just opposite the gates. "When Master Whitelaw, as the Duke, calls out, 'How now, who comes?—I'll match him for the ale!' be quickly in and answer to thy part; and, marry, boy, don't miss thy cues, or—tsst, thy head 's not worth a peascod!" With that he clapped his hand upon his poniard and glared into Nick's eyes, as if to look clear through to the back of the boy's wits. Nick heard his white teeth grind, and was all at once very much afraid of him, for he did indeed look dreadful.

So Nicholas Attwood stood by the entry door, with his heart in his throat, waiting his turn.

He could hear the pages in the courtyard outside shouting for stools for their masters, and squabbling over the best places upon the stage. Then the gates creaked and there came

a wild rush of feet and a great crying out as the 'prentices and burghers trooped into the inn-yard, pushing and crowding for places near the stage. Those who had the money bawled aloud for farthing stools. The rest stood jostling in a wrangling crowd upon the ground, while up and down a girl's shrill voice went all the time, crying high, "Cherry ripe, cherry ripe! Who 'll buy my sweet May cherries?"

Then there was another shout and a rattling tread of feet along the wooden balconies that ran around the walls of the inn-yard, and cries from the apprentices below: "Good-day, fair Master Harrington! Good-day, Sir Thomas Parkes! Good-day, sweet Mistress Nettleby and Master Nettleby! Good-day, good-day, good-day!" for the richer folk were coming in at twopence each, and all the galleries were full. And then he heard the baker's boy with sugared cakes and ginger-nuts go stamping up the stairs.

The musicians in the balcony overhead were tuning up. There was a flute, a viol, a gittern, a fiddle, and a drum; and behind the curtain, just outside the door, Nick could hear the master-player's low voice giving hasty orders to the others.

So he said his lines all over to himself, and cleared his throat. Then on a sudden a shutter opened high above the orchestra, a trumpet blared, the kettledrum crashed, and he heard a loud voice shout:

"Good citizens of Coventry, and high-born gentles all: know ye now that we, the players of the company of His Grace, Charles, Lord Howard, High Admiral of England, Ireland, Wales, Calais, and Boulogne, the marches of Normandy, Gascony, and Aquitaine, Captain-General of the Navy and the Seas of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen—"

At that the crowd in the courtyard cheered and cheered again.

"—will, with your kind permission, play forthwith the laughable comedy of 'The Three Grey Gowns,' by Master Thomas Heywood, in which will be spoken many good things, old and new, and a brand-new song will be sung. Now, hearken all—the play begins!"

The trumpet blared, the kettledrum crashed again, and as a sudden hush fell over the throng

without, Nick heard the voices of the players going on.

It was a broad farce, full of loud jests and nonsense, a great thwacking of sticks and tumbling about; and Nick, with his eye to the crack of the door, listened with all his ears for his cue, far too excited even to think of laughing at the rough jokes, though the crowd in the inn-yard roared till they held their sides.

Carew came hurrying up with an anxious look in his restless eyes.

"Ready, Nicholas!" said he sharply, taking Nick by the arm and lifting the latch. "Go straight down front now, as I told thee — mind thy cues — speak boldly — sing as thou didst sing for me — and if thou wouldst not break mine heart, do not fail me now! I have staked it all upon thee here — and we *must* win!"

"How now, who comes?" Nick heard a loud voice call outside — the door-latch clicked behind him — he was out in the open air and down the stage before he quite knew where he was.

The stage was built against the wall just opposite the gates. It was but a temporary platform of planks laid upon trestles. One side of it was against the wall, and around the three other sides the crowd was packed close to the platform rail.

At the ends, upon the boards, several wealthy gallants sat on high three-legged stools, within arm's reach of the players acting there. The courtyard was a sea of heads, and the balconies were filled with gentlefolk in holiday attire, eating cakes and chaffing gaily at the play. All was one bewildered cloud of staring eyes to Nick, and the only thing which he was sure he saw was the painted sign that hung upon the curtain at the rear, which in the lack of other scenery announced in large red print: "This is a Room in Master Jonah Jackdawe's House."

And then he heard the last quick words, "I'll match him for the ale!" and started on his lines.

It was not that he said so ill what little he had to say, but that his voice was homelike and familiar in its sound, one of their own, with no amazing London accent to the words

— just the speech of every-day, the sort that they all knew.

First, some one in the yard laughed out — a shock-headed ironmonger's apprentice, "Whoy, bullies, there be hayseed in his hair. 'Tis took off pasture over-soon. I fecks! they've plucked him green!"

There was a hoarse, exasperating laugh. Nick hesitated in his lines. The player at his back tried to prompt him, but only made the matter worse, and behind the green curtain at the door a hand went "clap" upon a dagger-hilt. The play lagged, and the crowd began to jeer. Nick's heart was full of fear and of angry shame that he had dared to try. Then all at once there came a brief pause, in which he vaguely realized that no one spoke. The man behind him thrust him forward, and whispering wrathfully, "Quick, quick — sing up, thou little fool!" stepped back and left him there alone.

A viol overhead took up the time, the gittern struck a few sharp notes. This unexpected music stopped the noise, and all was still. Nick thought of his mother's voice singing on a summer's evening among the hollyhocks, and as the viol's droning died away he drew a deep breath and began to sing the words of "Heywood's newest song":

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day;
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow!

It was only a part of a madrigal, the air to which they had fitted the words — the same air that Nick had sung in the woods — a thing scarce meant ever to be sung alone, a simple strain, a few plain notes, and at the close one brief, queer, warbling trill like a bird's wild song, that rose and fell and rose again like a silver ripple.

The instruments were still; the fresh young voice came out alone, and it was done so soon that Nick hardly knew that he had sung at all. For a moment no one seemed to breathe. Then there was a very great noise, and all the court seemed hurling at him. A man upon the stage sprang to his feet. What they were going to do to him Nick did not know. He

gave a frightened cry, and ran past the green curtain, through the open door, and into the master-player's excited arms.

"Quick, quick!" cried Carew. "Go back, go back! There, hark!—dost not hear them call? Quick, out again—they call thee back!" With that he thrust Nick through the door. The man upon the stage came up, slipped something into his hand—Nick, all bewildered, knew not what; and there he stood, quite stupefied, not knowing what to do. Then Carew came out hastily and led him down the stage, bowing, and pressing his hand to his heart, and smiling like a summer sunrise; so that Nick, seeing this, did the same, and bowed as neatly as he could; though, to be sure, his was only a simple country-bred bow, and no such ceremonious to-do as Master Carew's courtly London obeisance.

Every one was standing up and shouting so that not a soul could hear his ears, until the iron-monger's apprentice bellowed above the rest; "Whoy, bullies!" he shouted, amid a chorus of cheers and laughter, "did n't I say 't was catched out in the fields—it be a skylark, sure enough! Come, Muster Skylark, sing that song again, an' thou shalt ha' my brand-new cap!"

Then many voices cried out together, "Sing it again! The Skylark—the Skylark!"

Nick looked up, startled. "Why, Master Carew," said he, with a tremble in his voice, "do they mean me?"

Carew put one hand beneath Nick's chin and turned his face up, smiling. The master-player's cheeks were flushed with triumph, and his dark eyes danced with pride: "Ay, Nicholas Skylark; 't is thou they mean."

The viol and the music came again from overhead, and when they ceased Nick sang the little song once more. And when the master-player had taken him outside, and the play was over, some fine ladies came and kissed him, to his great confusion; for no one but his mother or his kin had ever done so before, and these had much perfume about them, musk and rose-attar, so that they smelled like rose-mallows in July. The players of the Lord Admiral's company were going about shaking hands with Carew and with each other as if

they had not met for years, and slapping one another upon the back; and one came over, a tall, solemn, black-haired man, he who had written the song, and stood with his feet apart and stared at Nick, but spoke never a word, which Nick thought was very singular. But as he turned away he said, with a world of pity in his voice, "And I have writ two hundred plays, yet never saw thy like. Lad, lad, thou art a jewel in a wild swine's snout!" which Nick did not understand at all; nor why Master Carew said so sharply, "Come, Heywood, hold thy blabbing tongue; we are all in the same sty."

"Speak for thyself, Gat Carew!" answered Master Heywood firmly. "I'll have no hand in this affair, I tell thee once for all!"

Master Carew flushed queerly and bit his lip, and, turning hastily away, took Nick to walk about the town. Nick then, for the first time, looked into his hand to see what the man upon the stage had given him. It was a gold rose-noble.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER THE PLAY.

THROUGH the high streets of the third city of the realm Master Gaston Carew strode as if he were a very king, and Coventry his kingdom.

There was music everywhere,—of pipers and fiddlers, drums, tabrets, flutes, and horns,—and there were dancing bears upon the corners, with minstrels, jugglers, chapmen crying their singsong wares, and such a mighty hurly-burly as Nick had never seen before. And wherever there was a wonder to be seen, Carew had Nick see it, though it cost a penny a peep, and lifted him to watch the fencing and quarter-staff play in the market-place. And at one of the gay booths he bought gilt ginger-nuts and caraway cakes with currants on the top, and gave them all to Nick, who thanked him kindly, but said, if Master Carew pleased, he'd rather have his supper, for he was very hungry.

"Why, to be sure," said Carew, and tossed a silver penny for a scramble to the crowd; "thou shalt have the finest supper in the town."

Whereupon, bowing to all the great folk they

met, and being bowed to most politely in turn, they came to the Three Tuns.

to think that there was not in all the world another gentleman so grand as Master Gaston



"NICK THOUGHT OF HIS MOTHER'S SINGING ON A SUMMER'S EVENING—DREW A DEEP BREATH AND BEGAN TO SING."

Stared at by a hundred curious eyes, made way for everywhere, and followed by wondering exclamations of envy, it was little wonder that Nick, a simple country lad, at last began

Carew, and also to have a pleasant notion that Nicholas Attwood was no bad fellow himself.

The lordly innkeeper came smirking and

bobbing obsequiously about, with his freshest towel on his arm, and took the master-player's order as a dog would take a bone.

"Here, sirrah," said Carew haughtily; "fetch us some repast, I care not what, so it be wholesome food—a green Banbury cheese, some simnel bread and oat-cakes; a pudding, hark 'e, sweet and full of plums, with honey and a pasty—a meat pasty, marry, a pasty made of fat and toothsome eels; and moreover, fellow, ale to wash it down—none of thy penny ale, mind ye, too weak to run out of the spigot, but snapping good brew—dost take me?—with beef and mustard, tripe, herring, and a good fat capon broiled to a turn!"

The innkeeper gaped like a fish.

"How now, sirrah? Dost think I cannot pay thy score?" quoth Carew sharply.

"Nay, nay," stammered the host; "but, sir, where—where will ye put it all without bursting into bits?"

"Be off with thee!" cried Carew sharply.

"That is my affair. Nay, Nick," said he, laughing at the boy's astonished look; "we shall not burst. What we do not have to-night, we 'll have in the morning. 'T is the way with these inns—to feed the early birds with scraps—so the more we leave from supper the more we 'll have for breakfast. And thou wilt need a good breakfast to ride on all day long."

"Ride?" exclaimed Nick. "Why, sir, I was minded to walk back to Stratford, and keep my gold rose-noble whole."

"Walk?" cried the master-player scornfully.

"Thou, with thy golden throat? Nay, Nicholas, thou shalt ride to-morrow like a very king, if I have to pay for the horse myself, twelve pence the day!" and with that he began chuckling, as if it were a joke.

But Nick stood up, and bowing, thanked him gratefully; at which the master-player went from chuckling to laughing, and leered at Nick so oddly that the boy would have thought him tipsy, save that there had been nothing yet to drink. And a queer sense of uneasiness came creeping over him as he watched the master-player's eyes opening and shutting, opening and shutting, so that one moment he seemed to be staring and the next almost asleep; though all the while his keen

dark eyes peered out from between the lids like old dog-foxes from their holes, looking Nick over from head to foot, and from foot to head again, as if measuring him with an ell-wand.

When the supper came, filling the whole table and the sideboard too, Nick arose to serve the meat as he was used at home; but, "Nay, Nicholas Skylark, my honey-throat," cried Carew, "sit thee down! Thou wait on me—thou songster of the silver tongue? Nay, nay, sweetheart, the knave shall wait on thee, or I 'll wait on thee myself—I will, upon my word! Why, Nick, I tell thee I love thee, and dost think I 'd let thee wait or walk—nay, nay, thou 'lt ride to-morrow like a king, and have all Stratford wait for thee!" At this he chuckled so that he almost choked upon a mouthful of bread and meat.

"Canst ride, Nicholas?"

"Fairly, sir."

"Fairly? Fie, modesty! I warrant thou canst ride like a very centaur. What sayest—I 'll ride a ten-mile race with thee to-morrow as we go?"

"Why," cried Nick, "are ye going back to Stratford to play, after all?"

"To Stratford? Nay; not for a bushel of good gold Harry shovel-boards! Bah! That town is ratsbane and nightshade in my mouth! Nay, we 'll not go back to Stratford town; but we shall ride a piece with thee, Nicholas,—we shall ride a piece with thee."

Chuckling again to himself, he fell to upon the pasty and said no more.

Nick held his peace, as he was taught to do unless first spoken to; but he could not help thinking that stage-players, and master-players in particular, were very queer folk.

CHAPTER XI.

DISOWNED.

NIGHT came down on Stratford town that last sweet April day, and the pastured kine came lowing home. Supper-time passed, and the cool stars came twinkling out; but still Nick Attwood did not come.

"He hath stayed to sleep with Robin, Mas-



"SOME FINE LADIES CAME AND KISSED HIM, TO HIS GREAT CONFUSION."

ter Burgess Getley's son," said Mistress Attwood, standing in the door, and staring out into the dusk; "he is often lonely here."

"He should ha' telled thee on it, then," said Simon Attwood. "This be no way to do. I 've a mind to put him to a trade."

"Nay, Simon," protested his wife; "he may be careless—he is young yet—but Nicholas is a good lad. Let him have his schooling out—he 'll be the better for it."

pleaded Mistress Attwood. "Who knows what hath happened to him? He must be hurt, or he 'd 'a' come home to his mother"—and she began to wring her hands. "He may ha' fallen

from a tree, and lieth all alone out on the hill—or, Simon, the Avon! Thou dost na think our lad be drowned?"

"Fudge!" said Simon Attwood. "Born to hang 'll never drown!"

When, however, the next day crept around and still his son did not come home, a doubt stole into the tanner's own heart. Yet when his wife was for starting out to seek some tidings of the boy, he stopped her wrathfully.

"Nay, Margaret," said he; "thou shalt na go traipsing around the town like a hen wi' but one chick. I will na ha' thee made a laughing-stock by all the fools in Stratford."

But as the third day rolled around, about the middle of the after-

noon the tanner himself sneaked out at the back door of his tannery in Southam's lane, and went up into the town.

"Robin Getley," he asked at the guild-school door, "was my son wi' thee overnight?"

"Nay, Master Attwood. Has he not come back?"

"Come back? From where?"

Robin hung his head.

"From where?" demanded the tanner.

"Come, boy!"

"From Coventry," said Robin, knowing that the truth would out at last, anyway.

"He went to see the players, sir," spoke



"'HOW NOW, SIRRAH! DOST THINK I CANNOT PAY THE SCORE?'"

"Then let him show it as he goes along," said Attwood, grimly, as he blew the candle out.

But May-day dawned; mid-morning came, mid-afternoon, then supper-time again; and supper-time crept into dusk—and still no Nicholas Attwood.

His mother grew uneasy; but his father only growled: "We 'll reckon up when he cometh home. Master Brunswood tells me he was na at the school the whole day yesterday—and he be feared to show his face. I 'll fear him with a bit of birch!"

"Do na be too hard with the lad, Simon,"

up Hal Saddler briskly, not heeding Robin's stealthy kick. "He said he'd bide wi' Diccon Haggard overnight; an' he said he wished he were a master-player himself, sir, too."

Simon Attwood, frowning blackly, hurried on. It *was* Nick, then, whom he had seen crossing the market-square.

Wat Raven, who swept Clopton bridge, had seen two boys go up the Warwick road. "One were thy Nick, Muster Attwood," said he, thumping the dirt from his broom across the coping-stone; "and the other were Dawson's Hodge."

The angry tanner turned again into the marketplace. His brows were knit, and his eyes were hot, yet his step was heavy and slow. Above all things, he hated disobedience, yet in his surly way he loved his only son; and far worse than disobedience, he hated that *his* son should disobey.

Astride a beam in front of Master Thompson's house sat Roger Dawson. Simon Attwood took him by the collar none too gently.

"Here, leave be!" choked Roger, wriggling hard; but the tanner's grip was like iron. "Wert thou in Coventry May-day?" he asked sternly.

"Nay, that I was na," sputtered Hodge. "A plague on Coventry!"

"Do na lie to me—thou wert there wi' my son Nicholas." "I was na," snarled Hodge, angered by the accusation. "Nick Attwood threshed me in the Warrick road; an' I be no dawg to follow at the heels o' folks as threshes me."

"Where be he, then?" demanded Attwood, with a sudden sinking at heart in spite of his wrath.

"How should I know? A went away wi' a play-acting fellow in a plum-colored cloak; and play-acting fellow said a loved him like a's own, and patted a's back, and flung me hard names, like stones at a lost dawg. Now le' me go, Muster Attwood—cross my heart, 't is all I know!"

"Is 't Nicholas ye seek, Master Attwood?" asked Tom Carpenter, turning from his fleurs-de-lis. "Why, sir, he's gone got famous, sir. I was in Coventry mysel' May-day; and—why, sir, Nick was all the talk! He sang there at



"ONE WERE THY NICK, MUSTER ATTWOOD," SAID HE."

the Blue Boar inn-yard with the Lord High Admiral's players, and took a part in the play; and, sir, ye'd scarce believe me, but the people went just daft to hear him sing, sir."

Simon Attwood heard no more. He walked

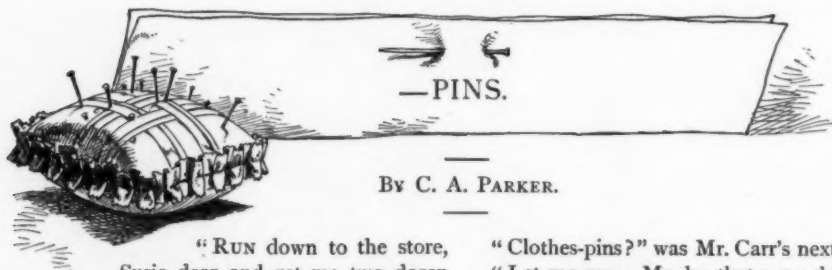
down High street in a daze. With hard men bitter blows strike doubly deep. He stopped before the guildhall school. The clock struck five; each iron clang seemed beating upon his heart. He raised his hand as if to shut the clangor out, and then his face grew stern and hard. "He hath gone his own wilful way," said he bitterly. "Let him follow it to the end."

Mistress Attwood came to meet him, running in the garden-path. "Nicholas?" was all that she could say. "Never speak to me of him

again," he said, and passed her by into the house. "He hath gone away with a pack of stage-playing rascals and vagabonds, whither no man knoweth."

Taking the heavy Bible down from the shelf, he lit a rushlight at the fire, although it was still broad daylight, and sat there with the great book open in his lap until the sun went down and the chill night wind crept in along the floor, yet he could not read a single word and never turned a page.

(To be continued.)



"RUN down to the store, Susie dear, and get me two dozen clothes-pins, please," said Mrs. Wynn, one morning. "Go just as quickly as you can. I am in a great hurry."

Susie put down her doll, and rose rather unwillingly.

"Oh, dear!" she said to herself. "I wish I did n't have to go! It's so far, and Dorothea needs her new dress this very afternoon!"

But just then she caught sight of Lou Arnold going by. Lou lived near the store.

Susie seized her hat, and rushed out of the door.

"Lou, w-a-i-t!" she screamed; and in a few moments the two little girls were hurrying along together, chattering like a pair of magpies.

The way did n't seem at all long; but when Susie had bidden Lou good-by and stepped into the store, and Mr. Carr inquired what she wanted, she did n't know.

"It was some sort of pins," she said; "but I don't think it was just the common kind. They had a first name, I'm sure."

"Hair-pins?" suggested Mr. Carr.

"Oh, yes; I guess it was. No; I don't b'lieve it was hair-pins, either."

"Clothes-pins?" was Mr. Carr's next inquiry.

"Let me see. Maybe that was what mama said. I don't quite think it was, though."

"Can't you remember whether she said a box, or a paper, or so many dozen?" he asked.

"No; I can't remember anything but just pins," she replied, mournfully.

"Well, then, I'm afraid you will have to go home and find out what is wanted, won't you?" said Mr. Carr.

"I s'pose so," sighed the little girl; "but mama is in a norful hurry. I think prob'ly she'll scold. She says I'm dre'ful careless."

Mr. Carr thought a minute. He and Susie were great friends, and he did n't wish her to be scolded—even if she was rather careless. He was sorry to have Mrs. Wynn annoyed by the delay, too; so, as Susie started dejectedly for the door, he called her back.

"Wait," he said; "we'll try to manage this affair."

He put some clothes-pins into a bag, then he took a paper of common pins, and one of safety-pins, two hat-pins, and a box of hair-pins, and wrapped them up.

Then he wrote a little note, which ran:

MY DEAR MRS. WYNN: Susie says you are "in a n-rful hurry" for some kind of pins, but she has forgotten just what kind; so, to save time, I send you a variety to choose from, hoping the right sort may be among them.

I do not have ten-pins or lynch-pins, and will not send a breast-pin or rolling-pin, as Susie is sure of just one thing, and that is that you said "pins."

Yours very respectfully,

J. F. CARR.

"And here, miss," he said, severely, "take this to help your memory"; and he handed her a stick of candy.

Susie's face beamed with joy and she thanked him heartily as she ran off with her parcels.

"What in the world—!" exclaimed Mrs. Wynn when she unrolled the paper.

"Here 's a letter that tells about it," said Susie hastily, handing her mother the note.

Mrs. Wynn laughed as she read it, at which the little girl looked greatly relieved.

"I 'll remember next time, mama," she said, nodding her head wisely; "truly I will."



COUSIN ANITA'S SURPRISE.

BY ELEANOR ROOT.

DOÑA SOFIA LAURA MICAELA SILVA DE PERALTA DE LA CORDOBA DE SANCHEZ é YBARRA DE ESCOBEDA had never seen any snow before. In the sunny land where she was born, the roses bloomed their sweetest in mid-winter, and the nearest approach to a snow-bank had been the hedge of great, white callas in the back-yard. Therefore when she saw myriads of downy flakes fluttering from the sky in the new, strange land which she now called home, her wonder and delight knew no bounds.

"Oh, mama," she cried, running to the window, "I want to get some!" But her mama only shook her head, and said it was too cold to go outdoors.

The little girl stood contentedly a long, long time watching the fairy, winged things. She did not notice when her mama left the room; but, at last, turning to speak to her, found herself alone. Presently a thought struck her. Yes, she would do it! She glanced around. There was no one in sight.

Seizing her pail, which she had so often filled with sand on the shores of the far-away Pacific, she opened the door and ran out. Scurrying across the yard to where a drift gleamed white and cold in the morning sun, she scooped up a bucketful of the shining crystals and hurried

back into the house. The journey was repeated again and again.

Her dolls had all been dressed and redressed, and the box of pretty bits of ribbons and laces, which grandma had given her for the numerous family, had been looked over again and again, but still she was not happy. Her throat felt queer,—and her heart, too, when she thought of how she had disobeyed her mama—her good, kind mama! Oh, why had she not waited?

After dinner, she crept softly upstairs. Her mama stood in the south room, motionless, her looks betokening the utmost amazement. On the pretty, light carpet, all around, were stains as of a recent flood; and from some limp, dejected-looking pasteboard boxes on the dresser drops of grayish water were oozing.

The little girl stood breathless for a moment; then she ran across the room to a trunk which stood in the corner. It was empty.

"Mama, mama!" she cried in dismay, the tears starting to her eyes as she gazed from the empty trunk to the scene of desolation about her. "It was to be a lovely birthday surprise for Cousin Anita—and now it 's all gone!"

And little Doña Sofia Laura Micaela Silva de Peralta de la Cordoba de Sanchez é Ybarra de Escobeda sobbed afresh.

A BOY I KNEW.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

II.

THE Boy's earliest attempts at versification were found, the other day, in an old desk, and at the end of almost half a century. The copy is in his own boyish, ill-spelled print; and it bears no date. The present owner, his Aunt Henrietta, well remembers the circumstances and the occasion, however, having been an active agent in the acts the poem describes, although she avers that she had no hand in its composition. The original, it seems, was transcribed by The Boy upon the cover of a soap-box, which served as a headstone to one of the graves in his pets' burying-ground, situated in the back-yard of the Hudson Street house, from which he was taken before he was nine years of age. The monument stood against the fence, and this is the legend it bore—rhyme, rhythm, meter, and orthography being carefully preserved:

Three little kitens of our old cat
Were berrid this day in this
grassplat.
They came to there deth in
an old water pale,
And after loosing their breth
They were pulled out by
the tale.
These three little kitins have
returned to their maker,
And were put in the grave by
The Boy,
Undertaker.

As about this period The Boy officiated at the funeral of another cat, but in a somewhat more exalted capacity. It was the Cranes' cat, at Red Hook, a Maltese who always had yellow kittens. The Boy does not remember the cause of the cat's death, but he thinks that Uncle Andrew Knox ran over her, with the "dyspepsia-wagon,"—so called because it had no springs. Anyway, the cat died, and had to be buried.

The grave was dug in the garden of the tavern, near the swinging-gate to the stable, and the whole family attended the services. Jane Purdy, in a deep crape veil, was the chief mourner, The Boy's aunts were pall-bearers, in white scarves, The Boy was the clergyman, while the kittens—who did not look at all like the mother—were on hand in a funeral basket, with black shoestrings tied around their necks. The ceremony was most impressive; the bereaved kittens were loud in their grief; when, suddenly, the village bell tolled for the death of an old gentleman whom everybody loved, and the comedy became a tragedy. The older children were conscience-stricken at the mummery, and they ran, demoralized and shocked, into the house, leaving The Boy and the kittens behind them. Jane Purdy tripped over her veil, and one of the kittens was stepped on in the crush. But The Boy proceeded with the funeral.

Among the many bumps which are still conspicuously absent in The Boy's phrenological development are the bumps of Music and Locality. He whistled as soon as he acquired front teeth; and he has been singing "God Save the Queen" at the St. Andrew's Society dinners, on November the 30th, ever since he came of age. But that is as far as his sense of harmony goes. He took music-lessons for three quarters, and then his mother gave it up in despair. The instrument was a piano. The Boy could not stretch an octave with his right hand, the little finger of which had been broken by a shinny-stick; and he could not do anything whatever with his left hand. He was constantly dropping his bass-notes, which, he said, were "understood." And even Miss Ferguson—most patient of teachers—declared that it was of no use.

The piano to The Boy has been the most offensive of instruments ever since. And when

his mother's old piano, graceful in form, and with curved legs that are still greatly admired, lost its tone, and was transformed into a sideboard,



MUSIC-LESSONS.

he felt, for the first time, that music had charms.

He had to practise half an hour a day, by a thirty-minute sand-glass that could *not* be set ahead; and he shed tears enough over "The Carnival of Venice" to have raised the tide in the Grand Canal. They blurred the sharps and the flats on the music-books — those tears; they ran the crotchets and the quavers together, and, rolling down his cheeks, they even splashed upon his not very clean little hands.

Another serious trial to The Boy was dancing-school. In the first place, he could not turn round without becoming dizzy; in the second place, he could not learn the steps to turn round with; and in the third place, when he did dance, he had to dance with a girl! There was not a boy in all Charraud's, or in all Dodworth's, who could escort a girl back to her

seat, after the dance was over, in better time, or make his "thank-you" bow with less delay. His only voluntary terpsichorean effort at a party was the march to supper; and the only steps he ever took with anything like success were during the promenade in the Lancers. In "hands-all-round" he invariably started with the wrong hand; and if in the set there were girls big enough to wear long dresses, he never failed to tear such out at the gathers. If anybody fell down, it was always The Boy; and if anybody bumped into anybody else, The Boy was always the bumper, unless his partner could hold him up and steer him straight.

Games, at parties, he enjoyed more than dancing, although he did not care very much for "Pillows and Keys," until he became courageous enough to kneel before somebody besides his maiden aunts. "Porter" was less embarrassing, because, when the door was shut, nobody but the little girl who called him out could tell whether he kissed her or not. All this happened a long time ago!

The only social function in which The Boy took any interest whatever was the making of New Year's calls. Not that he cared to make New Year's calls in themselves, but because he wanted to make



A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

more New Year's calls than were made by any other boy. His "list," based upon last year's list, was commenced about February 1; and it contained the names of every person whom The Boy knew or thought he knew, whether that person knew The Boy or not, from Mrs. Penrice, who boarded opposite the Bowling Green, to the Leggats and the Faures, who lived near Washington Parade Ground, the extreme social limit of his city in those days. He usually began by making a formal call upon his own mother, who allowed him to taste the pickled oysters as early as ten in the morning; and he invariably wound up by calling upon Ann Hughes in the kitchen, where he met the soap-fat man, who was above his profession, and likewise the sexton of Ann Hughes's church, who generally came with Billy, the barber on the corner of Franklin Street. There were certain calls The Boy always made with his father, during which he did not partake of pickled oysters; but he had pickled oysters everywhere else; and they never seemed to do him any serious harm. The Boy, if possible, kept his new overcoat until New Year's day—



READY FOR A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

and he never left it in the hall when he called! He always wore new green kid gloves—why green?—fastened at the wrist with a single hook and eye; and he never took off his kid gloves when he called, except on that particular New Year's day when his Aunt Charlotte

gave him the bloodstone seal-ring, which, at first, was too big for his little finger,—the only finger on which a seal-ring *could* be worn,—and had to be made temporarily smaller with a piece of string.

When he received, the next New Year, new studs and a scarf-pin,—all bloodstones, to match the ring,—he exhibited no little ingenuity of toilet in displaying them both, because studs are hardly visible when one wears a scarf, unless the scarf is kept out of the perpendicular by stuffing one end of it into the sleeve of a jacket, which requires constant attention and a good deal of bodily contortion.

When The Boy met Johnny Robertson or Joe Stuart making calls, they never recognized each other, except when they were calling together, which did not often occur. It was an important rule in their code to appear as strangers *indoors*, although they would wait for each other outside, and compare lists. When they *did* present themselves collectively in any drawing-room, one boy—usually The Boy's cousin Lew—was detailed to whisper "T. T." when he considered that the proper limit of the call was reached. "T. T." stood for "Time to Travel"; and at the signal all conversation was abruptly interrupted, and the party trooped out in single file. The idea was not original with the boys. It was borrowed from the Hook and Ladder Company, which made all *its* calls in a body, and in two of Kipp and Brown's stages, hired for the entire day. The boys always walked.

The very first time The Boy went out alone he got lost! Told not to go off the block, he walked as far as the corner of Leonard Street, put his arm around the lamp-post, swung himself in a circle, had his head turned the wrong way, and marched off, at a right angle, along the side street, with no home visible anywhere, and not a familiar sign in sight. A ship at sea without a rudder, a solitary wanderer in the Great American Desert without a compass, could not have been more utterly astray. The Boy was so demoralized that he forgot his name and address; and when a kindly policeman picked him up, and carried him over the way to the Leonard Street station-house for identification, he felt as if the end of everything had

come. It was bad enough to be arrested, but how was he to satisfy his own conscience, and explain matters to his mother, when it was discovered that he had broken his solemn promise, and crossed the street! He had no pocket-handkerchief; and he remembers that he spoiled the long silk streamers of his Glengarry bonnet by wiping his eyes upon them. He was recognized by his Forty-second-plaid gingham frock, a familiar object in the neighborhood, and he was carried back to his parents, who had not had time to miss him, and who, consequently, were not distracted. He lost nothing by the adventure but himself, his self-respect, a pint of tears — and one shoe.

He was afterwards lost in Greenwich Street, having gone there on the step of an ice-cart; and once he was conveyed as far as the Hudson River Railroad Depot, at Chambers Street, on his sled, which he had hitched to the milkman's wagon, and could not untie. This was very serious indeed, for The Boy realized that he had not only lost himself, but his sleigh too. Aunt Henrietta found The Boy sitting disconsolately in front of Wall's bake-shop; but the sleigh did not turn up for several days. It was finally discovered, badly scratched, in the possession of "The Head of the Rovers."

"The Hounds" and "The Rovers" were rival bands of boys, not in The Boy's set, who for many years made outdoor life miserable to The Boy and his friends. They threw stones and mud at each other, and at everybody else; and The Boy was not infrequently blamed for the windows they broke. They punched all the little boys who were better dressed than they were, and they were depraved enough and mean enough to tell the driver every time The Boy or Johnny Robertson attempted to "cut behind."

There was also a band of unattached guerrillas who aspired to be, and often pretended to be, either "Hounds" or "Rovers" — they did not care which. They always hunted in couples, and if they met The Boy alone, they asked him to which of the organizations he himself belonged. If he said he was a "Rover," they claimed to be "Hounds," and pounded him. If he declared himself in sympathy with the "Hounds," they hoisted the

"Rovers'" colors, and punched him again. If he disclaimed both associations, they punched him anyway, on general principles. "The Head of the Rovers" was subsequently killed, in front of Tom Riley's liberty-pole in Franklin Street, in a firemen's riot, and "The Chief of the Hounds," who had a club-foot, became a respectable egg-merchant, with a stand in Washington Market, near the Root-beer Woman's place of business, on the south side. The Boy met two of the gang near the Desbrosses Street Ferry only the other day; but they did not recognize The Boy.

The only spot where The Boy felt really safe from the interference of these clans was in St. John's Square, that delightful oasis in the desert of brick and mortar and cobblestones which was known as the Fifth Ward. It was a private inclosure, bounded on the north by Laight Street, on the south by Beach Street, on the east by Varick Street, and on the west by Hudson Street; and its site is now occupied by the great freight-warehouses of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company.

In the "fifties," and long before, it was a private park, to which only the property-owners in its immediate neighborhood had access. It possessed fine old trees, winding gravel walks, and meadows of grass. In the center was a fountain, whereupon, in the proper season, the children were allowed to skate on both feet, which was a great improvement over the one-foot gutter-slides outside. The park was surrounded by a high iron railing, broken here and there by massive gates, to which The Boy had a key. But he always climbed over. It was a point of etiquette, in The Boy's set, to climb over on all occasions, whether the gates were unlocked or not. And The Boy, many a time, has been known to climb over a gate, although it stood wide open! He not infrequently tore his clothes on the sharp spikes by which the gates were surmounted; but that made no difference to The Boy — until he went home!

The Boy once had a fight in the park, with Bill Rice, about a certain lignum-vitæ peg-top, of which The Boy was very fond, and which Bill Rice kicked into the fountain. The Boy got mad, which was wrong and foolish of The Boy; and The Boy, also, got licked. And The Boy

never could make his mother understand why he was silly and careless enough to cut his under lip by knocking it against Bill Rice's knuckles. Bill subsequently apologized by saying that he did not mean to kick the top into the fountain. He merely meant to kick the top. And it was all made up.

The Boy did not fight much. His nose was too long. It seemed that he could not reach the end of it with his fists when he fought; and that the other fellows could always reach it with theirs, no matter how far out or how

the autumn and winter months; for he could then gather "smoking-beans" and horse-chestnuts; and he could roam at will all over the grounds without any hateful warning to "Keep Off the Grass."

The old gardener, generally a savage defender of the place, who had no sense of humor as it was exhibited in boy nature, sometimes let the boys rake the dead leaves into great heaps and make bonfires of them, if the wind happened to be in the right direction. And then what larks! The bonfire was a house on

fire, and the great garden-roller, a very heavy affair, was "Engine No. 42," with which the boys ran to put the fire out. They all shouted as loudly and as unnecessarily as real firemen did; the foreman gave his orders through a real trumpet, and one boy had a real fireman's hat with "Engine No. 42" on it. He was chief engineer, but he did not run with the



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND PARK.

scientifically his left arm was extended. It was "One, two, three—and recover"—on The Boy's nose! The Boy was a good runner. His legs were the only part of his anatomy which seemed to him as long as his nose. And his legs saved his nose in many a fierce encounter.

The Boy first had daily admission to St. John's Park after the family moved to Hubert Street, and The Boy was about ten years old; and for half a decade or more it was his happy hunting-ground—when he was not kept in school! It was a particularly pleasant place in

machine: not because he was chief engineer, but because while in active motion he could not keep his hat on. It was his father's hat, and its extraordinary weight was considerably increased by the wads of newspaper packed in the lining to make it fit. The chief engineer held the position for life, on the strength of the hat, which he would not lend to anybody else. The rest of the company were elected, *viva voce*, every time there was a fire. This entertainment came to an end, like everything else, when the gardener chained the roller to the

tool-house, after Bob Stuart fell under the machine and was rolled so flat that he had to be



"THE BOY ALWAYS CLIMBED OVER."

carried home on a stretcher made of overcoats tied together by the sleeves. That is the only recorded instance in

which the boys, particularly Bob, left the park without climbing over. And the bells sounded a "general alarm." The dent made in the path by Bob's body was on exhibition until the next snow-storm.

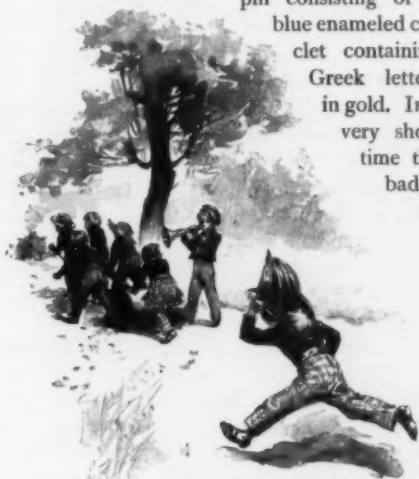
The favorite amusements in the park were shinny, base-ball, one-old-cat, and fires. The Columbia Base-ball Club was organized in 1853 or 1854. It had nineteen members, and The Boy was secretary and treasurer. The uniform consisted chiefly of a black leather belt with the initials C. B. B. C. in white letters, hand painted, and generally turned the wrong way. The first base was an ailantus tree; the second base was another ailantus tree; the third base was a buttonball tree; the home base was a marble headstone, brought for that purpose from an old burying-ground not far away; and "over the fence" was a home run. A player was caught out on the second bounce, and he was "out" if hit by a thrown ball as he ran.

The Boy was put out once by a crack on the ear, which put The Boy out very much.

"The Hounds" and "The Rovers" challenged "The Columbians" repeatedly. But that was looked upon simply as an excuse to get into the park, and the challenges were never accepted. The challengers were forced to content themselves with running off with the balls which went over the fence: which made home runs through that medium very unpopular and very expensive. In the whole history of "The Hounds" and "The Rovers" nothing that they pirated was ever returned but The Boy's sled.

Contemporary with the Columbia Base-ball Club was the Phrenoskian Society, a "mind-cultivating" association, organized by the undergraduates of McElligott's School, in Greene Street. The Boy, as usual, was secretary when he was not treasurer. The object was "debates," but all the debating was done at the business meetings, and no mind ever became sufficiently cultivated to master the intricacies of parliamentary law. The members called it a Secret Society, and on their jackets they wore, as conspicuously as possible, a badge

consisting of a blue enameled circle containing Greek letters in gold. In a very short time the badge



THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF "ENGINE NO. 42."

was all that was left of the society; but to this day the secret of the society has never been disclosed. No one ever knew, or will ever know, what the Greek letters stood for—not even the members themselves.

(To be continued.)

JUNE'S GARDEN.

BY MARION HILL.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER V.

THE TELLING OF THE SECRET.

THE next morning, when all June's manifold duties in the house were over and done, she raced out as usual into the garden. A patch of color on the grass near the Allison's side took her eye, and she went to investigate. A group of magnificent wild poppies lay straggling there, just as if they had been flung from a height.

"Good gracious! she's done it!" ejaculated June, clasping her hands tragically.

"Guess again," said Roy, bobbing into sight from behind the fence.

"Did n't she?"

"No."

"What *did* she do?"

"Took them rather ill-temperedly, and—"

"And what?"

"And said that it was late in the day for me to be troubling myself about anything for her."

"And what did you say to that?"

"After boiling over, inwardly, I put on the voice of a lamb, and said: 'You are perfectly right, Sarah; I have been a brute, but I am going to try to mend.' Then I closed her hand over the flowers, and slipped out of the room."

"Oh, you nice boy!"

"I rather think so myself," said Roy complacently, jumping into June's garden.

"Come right in," said she, ironically.

"Thanks; I will."

"But what flowers are these?"

"Those I brought for you. Want them?"

"Indeed I do," she said, vastly pleased, as he gathered them up and handed them to her.

"How 's sister Leila, sister June?"

"*Leila! oh, Leila!*" shrieked June, like a musical calliope.

"Do you want me?" asked the owner of the

name, appearing at the distant door, with the inevitable book in her hand.

"Come and see what I 've found," urged June. Thus invited, Leila came out and joined the group, sitting down on the grass with a hope of being able to go on with her story when direct attention was not required.

"What have you found?" asked she.

"A brother! A *beauty!*" breathed June, with fervor.

That beauty, serenely enjoying the friendliness of the two girls, filled his hands with small pebbles, and began to flick them at the astonished Misfit, who sought for the perpetrator of the outrage in the gentle sky above her.

"Stop that!" commanded Misfit's mistress.

"My intentions are very kind. It does not hurt her."

"You can't tell whether it does or not." June insisted. "Besides, it's a brutal instinct. And, anyway, you might pelt her with something soft."

"Can't aim straight with a soft missile," argued Roy. "Moreover, it's not a brutal instinct at all. It's just the sportsman's instinct, to see if I can hit what I aim at."

"In that case," declared June, with decision, "you can aim at something without any feelings; and when you *must* bestow your attention upon Misfit, do it with these"—and she stuffed into his hand a number of white daisies.

"Right you are!" said Roy, accepting the weapons. "I will adopt your advice; but if once in a while I were to waft a daisy at that oak, and hurl a rock at Misfit, you must promise to overlook it."

"I will not," said June, firmly.

Then they all burst out laughing, and with the sound of the lazy hilarity Sarah appeared. She limped down to the fence, and stood leaning upon her crutch, looking over at them.

"You all seem so happy," she said fretfully.

She wore a wild poppy in her dress, to June's intense delight.

"It 's such a nice morning!" said Leila, squirming amiably in the warm sunshine.

"I'm coming to the fence to talk to you," said June, scrambling to her feet. "And I have a secret to tell you."

"Let 's go hear," suggested Roy to Leila.

"Let 's do nothing of the kind," commanded June. "Leila, you tell him about Mrs. Antarctic while I tell Sarah my secret."

"You are always laughing and bright and active," murmured Sarah, as June approached. "How do you manage to keep so happy? Have n't you any troubles?"

"Lots of them," exclaimed June; "but I have an idea that unhappiness is very much of a disease, and must be treated like one."

"I don't understand what you mean."

"Well, I 'll tell you," beamed June, resting on the fence, and fanning her flushed face with a calla-lily leaf; "every time I am near getting unhappy or in a bad temper (which is what unhappiness generally is), I take a dose of medicine for it—not out of a bottle. Now, if I have been working very tiresomely, and feel my angry passions bid fair to rise, I grab a hat, and take a long, long walk by myself, and come back *angelic*! Or, if I have been lazy, and envies and jealousies have crept into my mind and threaten to come out in my speech, why, I get madly to work upon something that tires me so that I become as mild as a lamb."

"But suppose that you could not move about briskly, like me," faltered Sarah.

"That brings me to my secret," cried June, dropping rake and leaf, and leaning both arms upon the fence. "It is not a secret exactly; it is something I have been thinking about you."

"About me?"

"It began this way: I kept wondering what you did with your time."

"Nothing," said the lame girl, bitterly.

"What is there that one like me can do?"

"You never seemed to sew—"

"All our things are bought," interposed Sarah. "We are rich, so far as money goes."

"Nor read—" pursued June.

"Reading makes me unhappier than ever."

"Nor play the piano—"

"It tires me to sit on the piano-stool."

"And in my fancy I keep seeing you lonely, miserable, unhappy—"

Sarah bent her head in assent, and tears gathered in her eyes.

"I could fancy you thinking that your—your—misfortune unfitted you for society, that you were not wanted by others—"

"Yes, I have thought all this!" said Sarah, with her hands before her face.

"And I wondered," said June, reaching across the fence and taking the bent head in her trembling arms—"I wondered if you could not, perhaps, put your lonely sweet thoughts, and your brighter fancies, and your sad dreams,



"JUNE SANG WITH A WILL." (SEE PAGE 226.)

into writing, that other people might be made better by them, and more patient. Why should you not be a writer? Do you ever write things?"

"I do," whispered Sarah.

"Then why not throw away all the bitter ones and give the nice ones to the world?"

"Write poetry?—stories?"

"Write whatever comes into your heart."

"I could try," said Sarah. "But if I said anything about it, people would laugh at me."

"Then don't say anything," was June's prompt response. "We can keep it as a secret—our secret. You do the writing, and I'll do the managing; and it will be time enough to tell people if we bump up against success."

"From your language they will probably be wildly romantic."

"She suggests that you climb a ladder and get to the fire-escape, whence you can reach the roof and work your way down; I suggest that you enter a coal-sack and get carted into their cellar, whence you can work your way up. Neither of us will be jealous if you adopt the plan of the other."

"Why not ring at the front door, and enter like a sane person?" said June, after considering the matter thoughtfully.



JUNE AND SARAH HAVE A SECRET.

"You have given me something nice to think of," said Sarah, gazing into the depths of her many musings. "I will not be lonely any more. I am going right away to—to—"

"Write!" finished June, briskly. "Luck go with you!"

A smile lit up Sarah's face, and the worried wrinkles and frown had crept away. She went slowly into the house.

"June!" called Roy. "Leila and I have been inventing plans by which you might effect an entrance into yon inhospitable mansion."

"Because you won't be let in," said Roy, quietly, but with an air of conviction.

"I might try," said June, wandering toward the gate.

"Is she really going?" asked Roy of Leila.

"You can never tell what June is going to do," answered that wise sister.

They watched breathlessly. June went out of the gate. She walked to the Rouncewells' gate. She entered the Rouncewells' garden. She went up the front steps, smiling at her audience. She rang the bell. The door was

opened. Then there was a short conference; she stepped inside, and the door shut upon her.

"She's in!" gasped Leila, in amazement.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Roy. "I hope she comes out alive!"

CHAPTER VI.

IN SHADOW-LAND.

WHAT happened was this: The door was opened by a prim parlor-maid who asked June her business.

"Is Mrs. Rouncewell in?"

"Young Mrs. Rouncewell? No, Miss; she is out."

"So much the better," thought the visitor, as she said, aloud:

"It is the old lady I would like to see."

"Oh, yes; and may I ask, miss, if you be from next door?"

"Yes," answered June, conquering an inclination to reply, "I be."

"Oh, in that case Mrs. Rouncewell is expecting of you. She said if you was to come, you was to be admitted immediate, and asked to come upstairs."

So June entered, feeling that if bad grammar were catching, her case would be hopeless. The parlor-maid led the way, and June followed. The house was magnificent, with palms and portières, and statues, and thick carpets, and faint perfumes, and gloom, and grandeur. They glided up one winding staircase after another. The old lady evidently lived at the top of the house. June thought of Leila's plan of the roof and the fire-escape, and felt a hysterical inclination to laugh. As they neared the top story the faint strains of an organ stole upon the air with weird effect.

"I feel like the fifth act of a play," thought June, uneasily.

"This is the room, miss," said the maid, and vanished noiselessly.

The door was partly open, and June crept in, afraid to knock for fear of stopping the music. The room was all in shadow, like a cathedral, for the windows were so high up, and so long and narrow, lying under the eaves, that the sun could not creep in, but rather threw in the dark silhouette of the roof. Still the room was not

dismal. It seemed to belong to the faint past, and the half-light dealt very tenderly with the quaint furniture, and faded pictures, and old-fashioned ornaments, and all the outgrown relics of a forgotten day. Grandma Bell herself, sweet though she looked, was dressed in a fashion of long ago, and her hair was banded across her ears as in an old picture. She, too, looked like a shadow, and the music she played without any notes was an echo from a shadowed past. Even the organ had a strangely unfamiliar tone, as if it spoke from out a sweet and solemn distance. Finally the strain came to its tender finish, dying away like a sigh, or like a haunting question, which lingered in the memory until it was hard to tell when the sound really stopped.

Then June moved forward.

"Who is it?" asked Grandma Bell softly, as if perhaps she spoke to some unreal shape of her fancy.

"It is June."

"Oh, I am so glad—so very glad! It is so lonely here."

"Lonely—when you can make such beautiful music?"

"Beautiful? Do you like my music? It has been a long while since any one said that to me. It is pleasant to hear you say it. I used to sing once; but I cannot any more. Still I would like to hear singing very much. You sing, perhaps, my dear?"

"A little," said June, dubiously.

"I wish you would sing for me. Do you play the organ?"

"No, ma'am; I play the piano, and I run the sewing-machine, and so I am in the habit of only using one set of limbs at a time; when I try the organ I can't keep all my arms and legs going at once."

"I will play for you, then, while you sing."

"Thank you, ma'am; what would you like me to sing?"

"Do you know 'The Meeting of the Waters'?"

"No, I am sorry to say I don't," replied June.

"Or 'Wapping Old Stairs'?"

"Whopping Old *What*!" asked the puzzled songstress.

"I am very stupid," smiled Grandma Bell, "to expect you to know any of those old-

fashioned airs. If you don't know the songs to my accompaniments, and I don't know the accompaniments to your songs, what are we to do for our concert?"

"How about hymns?" asked June. "They are neither old nor new fashioned."

"A very sweet idea! Do you know this?" and the old lady began upon "Old Hundred."

"Oh, yes!" said June; and she sang with a will. Then "Greenland's Icy Mountains" and "Sweet the Moments" and "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night," and a score of others, until June felt quite like a prima donna, and Grandma Bell was flushed pink with the pleasure of playing for some one, and of hearing a fresh young voice echoing around her shadowy room.

"That has done me a world of good," said the happy organist.

"And me too," declared June, throwing herself in a chair and looking radiantly round.

"Just peep out of the window over your head. Stand upon the chest."

June did so, and uttered a cry of delight. She was gazing down, down into her own garden, where Leila sat reading, looking as little as if June were viewing her through the small end of an opera-glass.

"I never saw our roof before," she announced. "My! does n't our house appear tiny compared with the two big ones alongside it! Just like a puppy-dog between two elephants. I can hear Misfit yowling. Wicked little creature! she is trying to get a dove. But she need n't deceive herself with the belief that she will succeed. I can hardly tear myself away." She jumped down, blinking.

"Don't sit on the chest, dear; it is the one we are going to open, and in which you are going to 'poke.'"

"Oh, is n't that lovely!" exclaimed June, snuggling down on the floor in anticipative rapture. When the box was opened a faint odor stole out, like a magic powder, which carried the mind back for years and years; not exactly the smell of lavender, but the unfamiliar ghost of lavender clinging to the meshes of old lace.

"Peppermint, too," said June, sniffing. The peppermint proved to be in a black satin bag

which hung on the back of Grandma Bell's rocking-chair, and June got some peppermint drops as a reward for her extraordinary powers of penetration.

Lying on the top tray of the chest were a pair of baby slippers, a curl of yellow hair, and a tiny tucked dress. Grandma Bell took them lovingly in her hands.

"My baby's," she murmured.

"The little child who died?" was June's tender question.

"Oh, no; my boy's—Mr. Rouncewell's," was the reply.

"Good gracious!" June called the pompous man to memory, and imagined him petrified with astonishment if she told him she had seen his baby slippers.

"He was learning to walk when he wore these; many's the time I have held his little hand and guided his unsteady feet. But I did not mind the trouble; I thought that his hand would bear me up, perhaps, when I was feeble and needed help. But it seems as if old people were in everybody's way. We linger when we are not wanted. We outlive love, as we outlive strength; for our children do not remember the time when *they*, too, were a trouble and helpless, and in the way."

She put back the tiny articles with care, kissing them for the sake of the child that used to be, kissing them in spite of the man that was. June dived among the things, more to hide her feelings of disapproval of the man who was so careful of his flowers, than from any motive of curiosity. But she came upon a treasure. It was a turquoise bracelet in the form of a snake.

"Oh, how heavenly!" cried June, slipping it over her wrist, and getting the effect of different lights upon it.

"It is rather odd you should have happened upon that," said Grandma Bell; "for all along I intended it for you. Keep it on."

"You don't mean to say you give it to me!" said June.

"Yes, dear; you may have it for your own."

June burst into a rapture of thanks, and then grew oddly preoccupied. She turned the jewels over and over, and kept silence. Finally she drew off the bracelet and put it back in the

trunk. Then she turned a glowing face to her generous hostess, and explained her action.

"Please don't feel offended," she said eagerly, "but really I can't take the lovely thing, and I'll tell you why."

"Why, dear?"

"Because I want to go into ecstasies over the things I see, and if I think that you may give me some of them, it will take away all the fun. For I would like to be able to say, 'Oh, how I would like to have that!'—feeling all the time that you knew I was n't *hinting*. Do you see?"

"Yes, dear, I see; and it shall be as you wish."

"Then on we goes again," quoted June, gaily.

"Try on this dress," said Grandma Bell, taking out a fairy costume of pink crape trimmed with wild roses. The roses were flatter than nature's, but their color was exquisite, and the robe suited June to a charm.

"I wore it at a fancy-dress ball. Let your

hair down, dear; that's it. And here are the flowers to carry in your hands. Now go downstairs and have a look at yourself in the big glass in the parlor."

Nothing loath, June sped downstairs, and breathlessly entered the drawing-room. As she danced in, she all but bumped into the portly frame of the owner of the house.

"Heaven bless my soul!—what's this?" he demanded.

"I'm June," stammered that unfortunate damsel, turning as pink as her finery, and dropping her roses.

"You look it!" he said, with a merry laugh; and June, swooping up her fallen tributes, sped upstairs like the wind.

When she reached the attic room again, her ear was assailed with a startling sound, far off, but piercing.

"What's that?" she asked, turning pale.

The sound came again. It was Leila's voice; and she had given two frightened, terrible screams.

(To be continued.)

THE JAY.

BY CHARLES A. KEELER.

THE jay is a jovial bird—Heigh-ho!

He chatters all day

In a frolicsome way

With the murmuring breezes that blow,—Heigh-ho!

Hear him noisily call

From the red-wood tree tall

To his mate in the opposite tree, Heigh-ho!

Saying: "How do you do?"

As his topknot of blue

Is raised as polite as can be—Heigh-ho!

Oh, impudent jay,

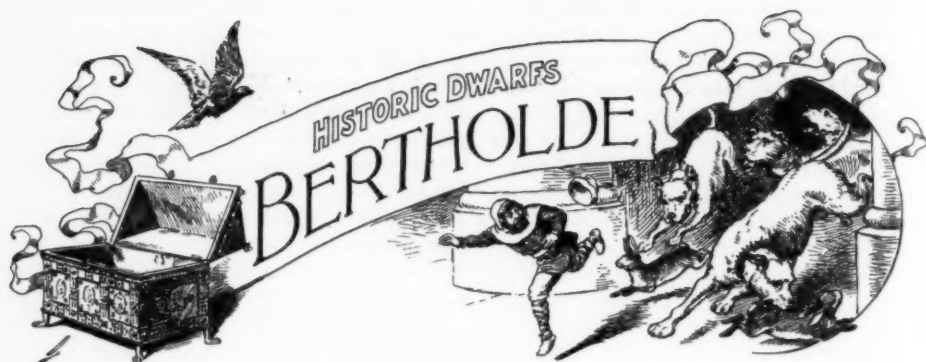
With your plumage so gay,

And your manners so jaunty and free,—Heigh-ho!

How little you guessed,

When you robbed the wren's nest,

That any stray fellow would see! Heigh-ho!



BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

V. BERTHOLDE.

LONG, long ago, in the barbarous days of the dark ages, there lived in the small Italian village Bertaguona the ugliest little dwarf you can possibly imagine.

His name was Bertholde, and he is described as having a large head, round as a football, eye-brows resembling bristles, while his eyes beneath them glowed like two torches. His hair was as red as carrots, his nose was flat. He had a wide mouth, and a short neck—in fact, it would be almost impossible to fancy the hideousness of this small but clever little rustic.

His parents had a large family, and very few of this world's goods. There were so many children to be clothed and fed that scarcely any attention was paid to their education. Indeed, in those days learning was so little thought of that it did not count for much, and Bertholde's sound judgment, ready wit, and clever speeches amply made up for his rough exterior and lack of culture and refinement. Next to the priest he was the most popular man in the village. On festival days and Sundays the peasants for miles around would flock into Bertaguona to listen to the witty sallies, pithy remarks, and entertaining stories of this truly remarkable dwarf.

He became such a favorite that when he spoke of going out into the world to seek his

fortune, his neighbors offered to contribute to his support in order to keep him amongst them. Bertholde, however, did not choose to be a burden upon his friends, and he persisted in his resolve to make a living elsewhere.

It took him some time to decide which way to go on this his first journey into the great wide world, so full of strife and adversity.

Across the lofty Alps in the Frankish dominions the wicked and cruel Frédégonde and the Merovingian kings were committing all kinds of atrocities, and our little friend wisely concluded to turn his steps toward the more peaceful Verona, where Alboin, King of the Lombards, had recently set up his court.

Some four years previous, this mighty chief with a huge mixed army had swept down from Germany into Italy, had conquered the latter country and established his kingdom there; and one fine day in the year of our Lord 572, the small traveler found himself before the splendid palace of this first of the Lombard kings. Bertholde stood for a time lost in wonder at the beauty of the building, the like of which he had never seen, and then he resolved to pay a visit to the proprietor of the wonderful mansion.

In those days the gates of the palaces were not defended by soldiers and guards. The people came and went as they pleased, and were free to lay their complaints and troubles before the throne.

Bertholde had always considered and be-

lieved that all men were born free and equal; and he never dreamed there was a person on earth with whom he might not converse quite freely. He, therefore, fearlessly approached the royal residence, ascended the broad stairs, traversed several lofty apartments, and astonished the court by suddenly appearing in the great hall where sat the king in all his glory. Without removing his shabby hat, the dwarf marched up to the throne, and, saying never a word, took possession of an empty chair by the side of his august sovereign.

The courtiers were as much surprised at his audacity as they were amazed at his grotesque appearance; but the Lombard chieftain smiled grimly upon the intruder, and inquired of him "what he was, when he was born, and in what country?"

"I am a man," replied the dwarf, whereupon the attendants went off into fits of laughter. "I was born when I came into the world, and the world itself is my country."

King and courtiers now began to realize that they had a shrewd little imp before them, and they commenced to ply him with questions of all kinds. The asking of conundrums was a sort of trial of wit to which sovereigns were much given at this period of history.

"What thing is that which flies the swift-est?" asked one.

"Thought," replied Bertholde promptly.

"What is the gulf that is never filled?"

"The avarice of the miser," was the ready answer of the quick-witted dwarf.

"What trait is the most hateful in young people?"

"Self-conceit, because it makes them unteachable."

"How will you catch a hare running?" inquired the king.

"I 'll stay till I find her on the spit."

"How would you bring water in a sieve?"

"I 'd wait till it was frozen," answered the dwarf, readily.

The king was delighted. "For so clever a rejoinder," he said, "you shall have from me anything you may desire."



"'I FIND, AS I SUSPECTED,' ANSWERED THE DWARF, 'THAT SOVEREIGNS ARE HONORED MORE THAN THEY DESERVE.'"

"Oh, no!" cried Bertholde, with a mocking laugh. "I shall have nothing of the sort. You cannot give me what you do not possess."

I am in search of happiness, of which you have not a particle. So how can you give me any?"

"How!" exclaimed the king. "Am I not happy on so elevated a throne?"

"Yes, you are, if the happiness of a man consists in the height of his seat."

Then Alboin referred to his kingly power and dignity, and the dwarf retorted with another mocking laugh; and when the king called attention to the nobles and courtiers about him, Bertholde with a sneer remarked: "Oh, yes, they cluster round your throne; so do hungry ants round a crab-apple, and with the same purpose—to devour it."

"Well said," spake the king, keeping his temper; "but all this does not prevent me from shining among them, as the sun among the stars."

"True, but tell me, shining Sun, how many eclipses you are obliged to suffer in a year? For the continual flattering of these men must now and then darken your understanding."

"For this reason you would not be a courtier?" inquired his Majesty, whose fingers began to play upon his sword in a threatening manner.

"Miserable as I am, I should be sorry to be placed in the rank of slaves," replied the dwarf. "Besides, I have not the necessary qualities to succeed in this fine employment."

"What then do you seek at my court?" asked the king in an angry tone.

"Something I have not been able to find there," answered Bertholde. "I was told that a king was as much above common men as a tower is above common houses; I find, as I suspected, that sovereigns are honored more than they deserve."

This was a little too much. The king lost his patience, and commanded the dwarf jester to leave the palace immediately or he would have him whipped out of court.

Just as he was leaving the room, however, two angry women entered, each anxious to lay her grievance before the king.

The matter in dispute was a crystal mirror which was claimed by both, but which had been stolen by one from the other. I am sure I do not know whether Alboin was a religious king; but it is quite evident he knew the story of the famous decision of Solomon, and meant to profit by it. He immediately ordered the

mirror to be broken into bits and to be equally divided between the two. One of the women said, "It is a pity so beautiful a mirror should be destroyed." Indeed, she was so quick to express her opinion that I am inclined to believe she, too, was acquainted with the judgment of the wisest of kings. Alboin immediately commanded the mirror to be delivered to her, and the entire court appeared to be delighted at this wonderful exhibition of wisdom. Alboin was so pleased with himself that he forgot his displeasure with Bertholde, and looked for approval at the dwarf, who had lingered to witness the result of the quarrel.

The ugly little face betrayed no emotion whatever, and Alboin was finally forced to ask the small man's opinion. "Am I not an exceedingly clever sovereign?" he inquired.

"Your excellent mightiness can only be said to be an ass," replied Bertholde, preparing to make a hasty retreat. History does not say whether Alboin considered this an answer to his query or otherwise, but he had the dwarf recalled, and Bertholde repaid him by soon playing a very shrewd and bold trick upon the court, as usual coming out victor.

From this time on the king began to take pleasure in the society of his ugly little friend. Bertholde showed such sound judgment that Alboin was wont to consult him in all grave and important affairs, and the poor misshapen peasant became a regular attendant at court, and was usually to be found at the king's side. The queen, Rosamond, however, disliked him thoroughly, and was jealous of his influence with her husband, and the women-in-waiting hated the sight of the little monster, as they called him.

Certain ladies of the court were eager to take a more active part in the government; and, being encouraged by the queen, at length became bold enough to ask that some of them should be made members of the king's council. Alboin was annoyed by the request; for, as he explained to Bertholde, in seeking the clever little man's advice, the husbands of these ambitious women were the generals who commanded his armies. To refuse, without good reason, might even cause a revolution.

Bertholde devised a plan by which the king escaped from the difficulty.

He bought a live bird in the market-place, and, in the king's presence, imprisoned the little captive in a rich casket. This casket, by Bertholde's advice, the king delivered into the keeping of the court ladies who wished to be councilors, telling them that it was not to be opened until the next day. "What it contains," said the king, "is a secret. If it should by any means be let out, you would see that the best interests of the kingdom required me to refuse your request."

The women were greatly impressed by these words; so greatly impressed that they at once began to wonder what the secret could be, and at last their curiosity became so great that the one who had the box in her keeping thought she would just look in for a minute — when, whir! — out came the bird, and away he flew through the window.

The next day the fair petitioners did not come to court to press their claim. For they saw that the king had made them show themselves unable to keep a secret.

For this crafty ruse, Alboin commanded his treasurer to give the dwarf a thousand crowns.

"I hope your majesty will not be displeased if I refuse to accept your gifts," replied Bertholde. "He who desires nothing, and has nothing, has nothing to fear. Nature made me free, and I wish to remain so; but I cannot if I accept your presents, for the proverb says 'He who takes, sells himself.'"

"How then," asked the king, "am I to show my gratitude?"

"I have heard that it is more glorious to deserve the favors of a prince and to refuse them, than it is to receive without deserving them," was the answer. "Your good will is more agreeable to me than all the gifts in the world."

While Alboin and his dwarf were thus talking there came a message from the angry queen, who was determined to be revenged on Bertholde for his mocking and too presumptuous pranks. The unfortunate little peasant had to contrive many artifices to escape the effect of her ill-will, for she too could invent schemes, and had courtiers and soldiers ready to obey her commands. The message was to summon the dwarf to her presence, and she

had four large, ferocious dogs placed in the court through which he had to pass. They were fierce beasts, ready to attack any one, but Bertholde, finding out what was in store for him, managed to procure a pair of live hares. These he threw to the dogs, and while they pursued the prey the dwarf escaped, and to the queen's surprise appeared before her, with his usual sarcastic smile.

She finally appealed to the king, and he, in order to keep the domestic peace and escape her importunities, forgot all his fine promises, and consented to have the poor little man hanged to a tree.

The ready wit of the dwarf did not desert him even in this extremity. He besought the king to take care of the Bertholde family, and to allow him the choice of the tree on which to die. Alboin readily agreed to the request and ordered a guard to accompany the executioner to see that Bertholde made his own choice. The trees of every wood for miles around were carefully examined, but our wise little friend objected to all that were proposed. The executioner and the guards became so weary of the fruitless search, that a message for relief was sent to the king.

By this time another question of importance had come before the throne, and the envoy found the great chief lamenting the loss of his able little counselor. Alboin was so delighted when he heard that Bertholde was still alive that he earnestly inquired the place of his retreat, and went in person to persuade him to return to court. Back in triumph came the dwarf amid the shouts of the populace. His brusque humor and good sense had made him popular with the people of Verona. He soon became the king's confidential adviser, and finally was raised to the position of prime minister.

After the king's death, Bertholde lived on to a good old age.

When he was seventy years old he made his will, a document full of dry wit and sage maxims. He had always said he preferred being poor in order that he might live in peace and tranquillity. A few fine speeches constitute his chief bequests to his two heirs, his wife Marcolfa and a son, who was under twenty-five when the celebrated dwarf breathed his last.

ST. PAUL'S ROCKS.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

ALMOST at the very center of the Atlantic Ocean—only a trifle north of the equator and about half-way between South America and Africa—is a submarine mountain, so high that, in spite of the immense depth of the sea, it thrusts its peak seventy feet above the waves. This peak, startling from its position, forms a labyrinth of islets, the whole not over half a mile in circumference, known as St. Paul's Rocks. So steep is the mountain of which this lonely resting-place of sea-birds is the summit, that one mile from these rocks a five-hundred fathom line with which soundings were attempted by Ross on his voyage to the Antarctic failed to touch bottom.

Were the bed of the sea to be suddenly elevated to a level with the dry land, St. Paul's Rocks would be the cloud-capped peak of a mountain rising in sheer ascent in the midst of a broad plain. They are supposed to have been formed by the same disturbance of nature which separated the Cape Verde Islands from Africa.

Treacherous currents make navigation in the vicinity of these rocks dangerous. A Brazilian naval officer, who passed them on an English steamer, tells me that the evening before they expected to sight them he was told by the captain that at five o'clock in the morning they would appear about five miles west. At that hour the officer went on deck and looked to the westward—nothing but an expanse of heaving sea. He chanced to turn, and there, five miles to the eastward were—the Rocks. The currents had, in less than twelve hours, carried a full-powered steamer ten miles out of her course.

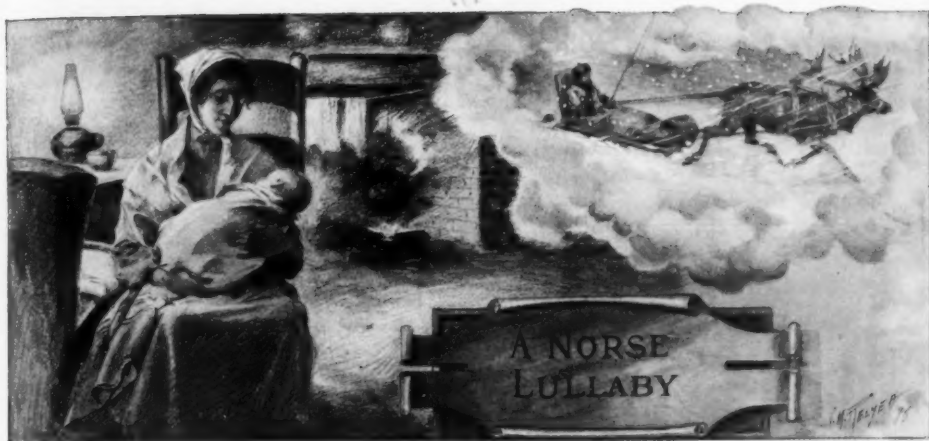
You could count on your fingers the number of human beings who are known to have visited these rocks, but doubtless many a poor cast-away has sought refuge there, only to be swept by the first storm into the pitiless sea. This mountain peak almost at the center of the Atlantic has long been of great interest to scientists. Darwin landed on the Rocks on his voy-

age around the world in the "Beagle." He found much amusement in watching the crabs, which were very numerous, dart out from the crevices and steal the small fish which the noddies or terns had caught and placed beside their nests. He also says that the sharks and seamen had a struggle over every fish which the latter hooked.

Ross's party remained long enough on the rocks for McCormick, the surgeon and scientist of the expedition, to make a map and sketch of them. The sea set in among them with a heavy swell, and the rebound of the surf made the waters in the channels fairly seethe. The terns and gannets hovering over the billows were the first evidence the expedition had that they were approaching these lonely islets. Then two specks upon the horizon were sighted. Gradually one was seen to be dark, the other white,—the dark one being the higher. It was found to be about seventy feet high, and the white peak, on which the gannets had their nests, sixty-one feet. Scant seaweed was the only vegetation on the rocks. A wisp of this and a feather or two were the few and simple materials of which the birds built their nests. He observed that while there were from two to three eggs to a nest, there was not more than one young bird to a pair, and concluded that the crabs, which acted defiantly even toward him, in spite of his rank in the British navy, destroyed most of the eggs.

Sir W. Symonds, another scientist who visited the rocks, relates that he saw the crabs attack nests and capture young birds.

I know of but one man who has been ashore here of recent years. He was an American sea captain who, being becalmed off the Rocks, made use of this opportunity to see them. He found the birds, the crabs, and the swarming sharks; and he found also—a human skeleton, the relic of an ocean tragedy, the fitting companion of this desolate mountain peak rising out of the center of the Atlantic Ocean.



BY M. L. VAN VORST.

OVER the crust of the hard white snow
The little feet of the reindeer go
(*Hush, hush, the winds are low*),

And the fine little bells are ringing!
Nothing can reach thee of woe or harm—
Safe is the shelter of mother's arm
(*Hush, hush, the wind 's a charm*),
And mother's voice is singing.

Father is coming—he rides apace;
Fleet are the steeds with the winds that race
(*Hush, hush, for a little space*);
The snow to his mantle 's clinging.

His flying steed with the wind 's abreast—
Here by the fire are warmth and rest
(*Hush, hush, in your little nest*),
And mother's voice is singing.

Over the crust of the snow, hard by,
The little feet of the reindeer fly
(*Hush, hush, the wind is high*),
And the fine little bells are ringing!
Nothing can reach us of woe or harm—
Safe is the shelter of father's arm
(*Hush, hush, the wind 's a charm*),
And mother's voice is singing.



BUONAMICO

A Legend of FLORENCE



BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

HEN Monte Morello is capped with snow,
And the wind from the north comes whistling down,
It is chill to rise with the morning-star,
In the "City of Flowers"—in Florence town.

II.

Light is the sleep of the old, for they know
How brief are their few remaining days;
But when hearts are young, sleep lingers long,
And too sweet to leave are the dream ways.

III.

So, Tafi, the master, awoke with the light,
But the prentice lad, Buonamico, was young,
And his dreaming ears were loath to hear
The daybreak bell's awakening tongue.

IV.

For it seemed to speak with old Tafi's voice,
"Colors to grind, and the shop to be swept!"
Then, out of his bed, on the bare stone floor,
Poor Buonamico, shivering, crept.

V.

Busy all day with his quick young hands,—
Busy his thoughts with a project bold.
"The master will find," he said to himself,
"T is not well to work in the dark and
the cold!"

VI.

But the master, unheeding the prentice lad,
Matched the mosaics fine and quaint;
Till his tablets of stone revealed the forms
Of Mother and Child, of cherub and saint.

VII.

Buonamico, meanwhile, forsook his tasks,
And, prying in crevice of wall or ground,
With a patience and skill boys only know,
Thirty great beetles the truant found.

VIII.

As many wax tapers, then, he took —
Thirty small tapers (nor less, nor more),
And presto! each beetle, clumsy and slow,
On its broad black back a candle bore.

IX.

Next morning, ere dawn, when Tafi awoke,
Ere his lips could frame their usual call,
A sight he beheld that froze his veins —
An impish procession of tapers small!

X.

Slowly they came, and slowly went
(And they seemed to pass through a crack
'neath the door):
So slowly they moved, he
counted them all,
Thirty they numbered, nor
less, nor more!

XI.

"Surely, some evil
these hands
have wrought,
That the powers
of darkness in-
vade my cell!"
And many an *Ave*
the master said,
To reverse and
undo the un-
holy spell.

XII.

When daylight was
come, Buon-
amico he told:
"A good lad ever
thou wert, and
indeed,
Wise for thy years;
and, therefore,
speak out,
And, as best thou
canst, this mys-
tery read."

XIII.

"May it not be," Buonamico said,
"The powers of darkness that good men hate,
Are vexed with my master, who falters not
In faithful service, early and late?"

XIV.

"Ay, that they are," said the master, "no
doubt!"
Said the prentice-boy, "*Their* time is
night;
And it *may* be they like not this wondrous
work,
Which thou risest to do ere peep of light!"

XV.

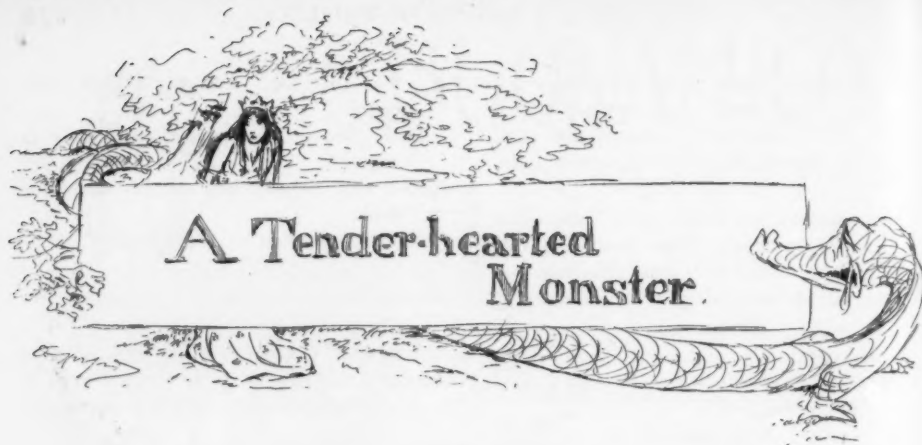
"Well hast thou counseled," the master re-
plied,
"So young of years — so sage in thy thought;
I will rise no more ere the day hath dawned —
A work of light should in light be wrought!"



"A SIGHT HE BEHELD THAT FROZE HIS VEINS —
AN IMPISH PROCESSION OF TAPERS SMALL!"

XVI.

Thus runs the legend, which also saith
Spite of his pranks Buonamico became,
When the years were fled, and Tafi was gone,
A painter who rivaled his master's fame.



BY ALICE CALHOUN HAINES.

"Now, see here," said the Dragon, "are you going to betray me?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Molly, clutching her dolly nervously. "I—I don't think mama 'd like it if she knew you were here."

"That 's just the point," the Dragon answered; "of course she would n't. No lady would; and yet, what harm have I done or what harm do I do? It 's the only home I 've got."

"But it 's our garden," Molly said; "and we like to walk in it."

"Well," answered the Dragon, "I don't mind. You may walk in it all you please, and I 'll never say a word. I 've been here a month already, and nobody 's ever guessed it. You would n't know it now, but that I told you; and I would n't have told you only that I hated to see you crying so hard about your doll



"I 'VE GOT A TENDER HEART," GRUMBLED THE DRAGON."

when I could give it back to you just as easy sure. I thought the dragons were all dead, as not." too."

"Yes," said Molly, "it was very good of you." She hugged Arabella, her favorite wax beauty, closer to her heart. "Oh, Bella," she whispered, "what an adventure you've had! Tumbling into the dried-up well, and spending all this time with a dragon! Goodness, child, I don't see how you ever lived through it! But it *was* good of him to give you back."



A NEEDLESS ALARM.

"You know," the Dragon continued, "if the Prince should find out my hiding-place it would settle things pretty thoroughly for me. I've almost forgotten how to fight. Anyhow, dragons never *do* beat the princes; you must know that, if you know anything."

"But there is n't any prince," said Molly.

"You don't say!"—the Dragon raised himself high on his hind legs and peered out at her—"you don't say so!" His head was thrust far out of the well now, and Molly drew back in terror. He was a very dreadful-looking beast; but there was also something quite familiar about his appearance. For a moment this puzzled her; but then she saw it was his likeness to a picture in her new fairy-book that caused the feeling.

"Don't be afraid," he said, when he saw her shrink away; "I won't hurt you. But do you really mean to tell me that there is n't any prince at all?"

"Why, yes," Molly answered faintly; "they all died long ago. At least, there are n't any in this country, I'm quite

had n't been for the old fairy Merenthusa I should n't be here either. It's a queer story—" he shook his head sadly.

"Oh, tell it," cried Molly—she was a little girl who dearly loved to listen to stories.



"WE HAD A PRIVATE TUTOR, AND THAT WAS FUN, TOO."

"Now, see here," said the Dragon, "I'll tell you the story, if you will promise not to

tell your folks about my being here. Come, now — is it a bargain?"

Molly considered for a few moments.

"I 'd love to hear the story," she said, "but just think how dreadful it would be if mama or papa were walking alone in the garden, and you should snap off one of their feet."

"I would n't," the Dragon answered; "I

would n't like to eat you a bit, but it would be my duty, you know, if you were a princess."

"Would it? How dreadful!" Molly's little face grew quite white with horror.

"You need n't think I 'd enjoy it," said the Dragon, "for I never did one bit. I want to whisper to you. It 's a terrible thing I have to say, and I 'd rather not speak it aloud."

"There 's nobody near," Molly objected; "there is n't a soul in the garden but just you and me. I—I 'd rather not put my ear down. Can't you say it without that?"

"Well, if I must, I must," grumbled the Dragon. "I did not think you were so suspicious; but nobody trusts me. I'm beginning to get used to it; and yet all the time, you know, *I've got a tender heart.*" He patted his chest with his paw as he spoke. "Yes; I 've got a tender heart."

"I 'm very glad to hear it," said Molly, cheerfully. "It 's a nice thing to have."

"Not for a dragon, my dear," the monster answered; "you 're all off there. On the contrary, it 's a drawback, a most terrible drawback!"

"Why, I don't see that," Molly cried.

"My mama says that



"A SIGHT THAT WOULD MAKE MOST DRAGONS LEAP FOR JOY WOULD JUST MAKE ME CRY."

never eat anybody but just princesses. I say, you are n't a princess, are you?"

"Oh, no!" cried Molly, hastily, "indeed, I 'm not. I 'm just a little girl — Molly Forster."

"I 'm glad of that," he assured her; "I

there is nothing so bad as a hard heart. You can cure other things, you know, but you can't cure that. If you are really hard-hearted you have just got to stay so. Why, I believe it 's the very worst fault there is."

"For a little girl, I'll admit, or for a princess; but not for us. It's what we all aspire after, and most of us have it. I never did." He sighed deeply. "That's one of the particular features of my story. Shall I tell it to you?"

"Yes, indeed," cried Molly.

"Well," said the Dragon, "there were seven of us, and we lived in a cave in the mountains. It was a big cave with lots of cracks and crevices and crannies to play hide-and-seek in, and my!—but we had a good time! Our father died when we were babies, and our mother let us do just whatever we chose. She was the most indulgent parent that dragon ever had; and yet *she* did n't have a tender heart. She could eat a princess wit all the gusto in the world; and that is the thing I never did manage. Oh! h-m-m! It has embittered my whole life; however, I'm not up to that yet.

"As I said, we had a glorious time up there in our old cave in the mountains. We never went away to school—our mother could n't part with us—so we had a private tutor, and that was fun, too. My!—we led him a life! The jokes we played on that poor old fellow would make you split your sides laughing; but I have n't time to tell about them now. I remember one morning in particular—but never mind; I guess I won't tell you that."

"Oh, please do," cried Molly; "I love to hear about naughtinesses."

"No," said the Dragon, "I don't think it would be strictly honorable. You see I'm here in your mother's garden, enjoying her hospitality,—her guest you might almost say,—so I must be doubly careful, and tell you only those stories that she would care for you to hear—stories that have a moral."

"I don't like that kind," pouted Molly.

"Well, you ought to," said the Dragon; "that's all that concerns me. Shall I go on?"

Molly thought a moment. "What is the moral of this one?" she asked.

"Never be tender-hearted," the Dragon answered. "It's the best one I know."

"Oh," cried Molly, "why, that's not a moral at all!"

"You wait and see if it's not," said the



"SHE RAISED HER WAND AND THAT IS ALL I CAN REMEMBER."

Dragon, with much confidence. "I think I am the best judge of that."

"Go on," Molly whispered. She felt that she was a very naughty little girl, but she had not time to grieve over the matter just then.

"Well," said the Dragon, "one by one my brothers left the old cave, till at last I alone was left. I had always been delicate, and then, too, I was the baby, so my mother naturally hated to part with me. But when I was about five years old I grew impatient of that quiet life, and determined that it was time for me also to go forth to seek my fortune.

"My mother felt very sad when I told her what was in my mind. 'My dear child,' she said, 'it is what I have been dreading for a long time, but if you feel that you cannot be happy here any longer, why, of course, I can't keep you. Nothing would induce me to make one of my children unhappy for a single moment.' Now was n't she a good creature?"

"Indeed she was," said Molly.

"Next morning I started upon my travels. I shall never forget how strange everything seemed to me, secluded as I had always been in my happy home among the rocks. I remember well seeing my first man — my heart leaped within me, for I had never seen anything like

poor fellow's face and heard his breath coming in quick, panting gasps, it gave me such a queer, sick sort of feeling that I stopped running and the man got away.

"At first I could not imagine what was the cause of my weakness, but the meaning flashed



"I WAS TENDER-HEARTED! I STOPPED RUNNING AND THE MAN GOT AWAY."

him before, and 't was only by hearsay that I knew what he was. Of course, the correct thing was to chase him; all my brothers had told me that, so I began at once. I never thought that I should mind. My brothers all enjoyed it, and I expected to also; but when I saw the horror depicted upon the

upon me all of a sudden. I was tender-hearted! The conviction forced itself upon me and nearly drove me mad."

"Poor Dragon!" said Molly; and then she thought, "Oh, what a bad, bad little girl I am, to be sorry because he did not eat the man! I did n't think I could be so wicked!"

"Yes," said the dragon, "that was how I first knew it, and from that day to this I have never known a happy moment! It's been the same way with everything I've undertaken; I'd go out in the woods and see a lovely princess tied to a tree, a sight that would make most dragons leap for joy, and it would just make me cry! I could not help it, somehow, the tears would come.

"I'd say over and over to myself, 'You're a dragon. You're a dragon. It's your duty to eat her. She won't mind. Princesses never do. It's what they're made for.' But try as I would I could not bring myself to do it. I'd go away and hide in a cave till some one had untied her, and sometimes I'd overhear remarks like this: 'They say there is a dragon around here, and, do you know, the Princess Rose, or Belinda, was tied to this tree for three whole days and he never came near her. I would n't give much for a beast like that!' Oh, it was most humiliating, and the older I grew the worse it was.

"At last one day things came to a crisis. I was walking in the forest when suddenly I came upon three beautiful maidens, all in a row, tied to sycamore trees. I just turned about and ran! I'm sorry to confess it, but it's true. I scuttled over the ground as fast as I could crawl, slipping under the brushwood and whisking around the tree-trunks, till suddenly I stopped spell-bound, for there — right in front of me — was another of them! I just stood still and looked at her, my eyes almost bulging out of my head!

"So this is the way you bear yourself, oh, valiant one!" she cried, her voice full of fury. "This is the way you devour princesses, oh, ranger of the woods! Very pretty conduct; very pretty, indeed!"

"Good gracious!" I gasped, "do you want me to eat you?" I had never expected this. "Let others scoff as they will," I always thought, "at least I have the sympathy of the princesses."

"Look at me," she commanded; and then I understood. She was not a woman at all, but a fairy. I knew her at once by her eyes; they

were pale green and twinkled like stars. Her name was Merenthusa, and she was both wicked and powerful.

"They were my step-daughters," she said, "and I tied them to the trees this morning. I knew that there was a dragon near and I wanted to get rid of them. Then I tied myself to this tree, intending to make myself invisible when you passed, and so escape unharmed. When my husband returned he should find me here weeping and wailing over the fate of his three lovely daughters. I should have told him that you were frightened away before you had eaten me. That would have been true, at all events."

"No, it would n't," I cried, and I jumped at her; and, do you know, I really believe I should have eaten her, but she raised her wand, and — that is all I can remember.

"I think she must have put me into a magic sleep, in which I lay for years and years, for about two months ago I woke and found myself in what used to be the forest — it is only a patch of woods now; a great thicket had grown up around me, and I suppose that is how I had escaped detection.

"When I scrambled from it everything seemed changed; nothing was as it used to be, and I felt lost and strange. I traveled a great many miles, always during the night, and hid in the day time, and after a while I made my way into your garden, found this old well, and here I have been ever since. That's my story. Now remember, you promised not to tell."

"Molly! Molly! Molly!" It was her mother's voice calling.

The little girl started up from the ground, where she had been sitting, and ran toward the house. She felt queer and stiff.

"I don't suppose I can break my word," she whispered, "though mama would love to hear about him. Oh, I wish to-morrow would hurry up and come. I am going to get him to tell me a new story every day."

But, strange to say, next morning when Molly sought her friend the dragon in the garden he was nowhere to be found, and the little girl never saw nor heard of him again.

THE TRUE STORY OF MARCO POLO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

[*Begun in the June number.*]

CHAPTER XV.

THE KHAN AS A HUNTER.

WE have already seen that Marco had a keen taste for sport, and it is noticeable that he describes the hunting-scenes of the Khan with great gusto, as if he had been present at some of these, and had a good time in the field with the imperial sportsman. Here is what he has to say about the animals trained to hunt for the Great Khan:

The Emperor hath numbers of leopards trained to the chase, and hath also a great many lynxes taught in like manner to catch game, and which afford excellent sport. He hath also several great Lions, bigger than those of Babylonia, beasts whose skins are colored in the most beautiful way, being striped all along the sides with black, red, and white. These are trained to catch boars and wild cattle, bears, wild asses, stags, and other great or fierce beasts. And 't is a rare sight, I can tell you, to see those Lions giving chase to such beasts as I have mentioned! When they are to be so employed the Lions are taken out in a covered cart, and every Lion has a little doggie with him. They are obliged to approach the game against the wind, otherwise the animals would scent the approach of the Lion and be off.

There are also a great number of eagles, all broken to catch wolves, foxes, deer, and wild-goats, and they do catch them in great numbers. But those especially that are trained to wolf-catching are very large and powerful birds, and no wolf is able to get away from them.

This is an accurate description of the manner of hunting still in vogue in some parts of India among the native princes. The "lion" to which Marco refers as being trained to hunt is the cheetah, a species of leopard, which is carried to the hunting-field in a box, with its eyes covered by a hood. When loosed in the field, the cheetah will bound off in pursuit of any game that may be in sight; and it seldom fails to bring it down. Hawking was a fashionable diversion in Europe during Marco's time,

as well as in Cathay. Kublai Khan had hawks of various kinds taught to fly at feathered game; and his trained eagles pursued larger game, as wolves and foxes. Here is a detailed account of the Great Khan's hunting expeditions:

The Emperor hath two Barons who are own brothers, one called Baian, and the other Mingan; and these two are styled *Chinuchi* (or *Cunichi*), which is as much as to say, "The Keepers of the Mastiff Dogs." Each of these brothers hath 10,000 men under his orders; each body of 10,000 being dressed alike, the one in red and the other in blue, and whenever they accompany the Khan to the chase, they wear this livery, in order to be recognized. Out of each body of 10,000 there are 2000 men who are each in charge of one or more great mastiffs, so that the whole number of these is very large. And when the Prince goes a-hunting, one of those Barons, with his 10,000 men and something like 5000 dogs, goes towards the right, whilst the other goes towards the left with his party in like manner. They move along, all abreast of one another, so that the whole line extends over a full day's journey, and no animal can escape them. Truly it is a glorious sight to see the working of the dogs and the huntsmen on such an occasion! And as the Khan rides a-fowling across the plains, you will see these big hounds coming tearing up, one pack after a bear, another pack after a stag, or some other beast, as it may hap, and running the game down now on this side and now on that, so that it is really a most delightful sport and spectacle.

The Two Brothers I have mentioned are bound by the tenure of their office to supply the Khan's Court from October to the end of March with 1000 head of game daily, whether of beasts or birds, and not counting quails; and also with fish to the best of their ability, allowing fish enough for three persons to reckon as equal to one head of game.

Now I have told you of the Masters of the Hounds and all about them, and next will I tell you how the Khan goes off on an expedition for the space of three months.

After he has stopped at his capital city those three months that I mentioned, to wit, December, January, February, he starts off on the 1st day of March, and travels southward toward the Ocean Sea, a journey of two days. He takes with him full 10,000 falconers, and some 500 gerfalcones, besides peregrines, sakers, and other hawks in great numbers; and goshawks also to fly at the water-fowl. But do not suppose that he keeps all these together

by him; they are distributed about, hither and thither, one hundred together, or two hundred at the utmost, as he thinks proper. But they are always fowling as they advance, and the most part of the quarry taken is carried to the Emperor. And let me tell you when he goes thus a-fowling with his gersfalcons and other hawks, he is attended by full 10,000 men, who are disposed in couples; and these are called *Toscaol*, which is as much as to say, "Watchers." And the name describes their business. They are posted from spot to spot, always in couples, and thus they cover a great deal of ground! Every man of them is provided with a whistle and a hood, so as to be able to call in a hawk and hold it in hand. And when the Emperor looses a hawk, there is no need that he follow it up, for those men I speak of keep so good a lookout that they never lose sight of the birds, and if these have need of help they are ready to render it.

All the Emperor's hawks, and those of the Barons as well, have a little label attached to the leg to mark them,

But if not, the bird is carried to a certain Baron, who is styled the *Bularguchi*, which is as much as to say, "The Keeper of Lost Property." And I tell you that whatever may be found without a known owner, whether it be a horse, or a sword, or a hawk, or what not, it is carried to that Baron straightway, and he takes charge of it. And if the finder neglects to deliver his find to the Baron, the latter punishes him. Likewise the loser of any article goes to the Baron, and if the thing be in his hands it is immediately given up to the owner. Moreover, the said Baron always pitches on the highest spot of the camp, with his banner displayed, in order that those who have lost or found any thing may have no difficulty in finding their way to him. Thus nothing can be lost but it shall be soon found and restored without delay.

And so the Emperor follows this road that I have mentioned, leading along in the vicinity of the Ocean Sea (which is within two days' journey of his capital city, Cambaluc), and as he goes there is many a fine sight to be seen, and plenty of the very best entertainment in hawking; in fact, there is no sport in the world to equal it!

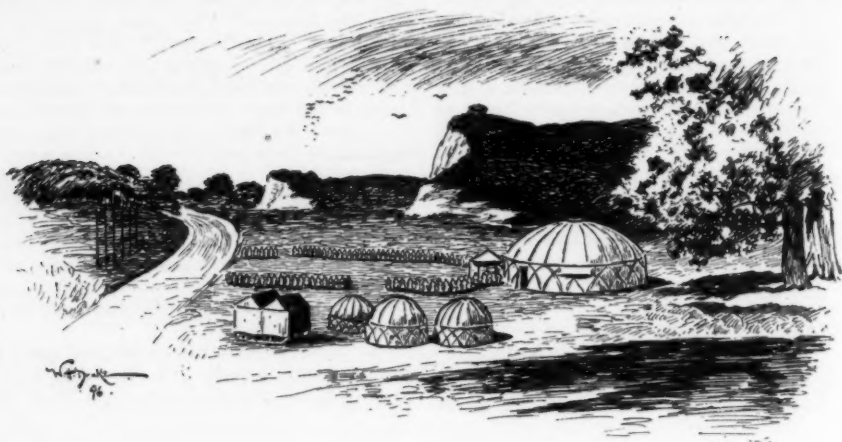
The Emperor himself is carried upon four elephants in a fine chamber made of timber, lined inside with plates of beaten gold, and outside with lions' skins, for he always travels in this way on his fowling expeditions, because he is troubled with gout. He always keeps beside him a dozen of his choicest gersfalcons, and is attended by several of his Barons, who ride on horseback alongside. And sometimes, as they may be going along, and the Emperor from his chamber is holding discourse with the Barons, one of the latter shall exclaim: "Sire! Look out for the Cranes!" Then the Emperor instantly has the top of his chamber thrown open, and having marked the cranes, he flies one of his gersfalcons, whichever he pleases; and often the quarry is struck within



AN EAGLE AND ITS VICTIM.

on which is written the names of the owner and the keeper of the bird. And in this way the hawk, when caught, is at once identified and handed over to its owner.

his view, so that he has the most exquisite sport and diversion there, as he sits in his chamber or lies on his bed; and all the Barons with him get the enjoyment of



PART OF THE KHAN'S ENCAMPMENT.

it likewise! So it is not without reason I tell you that I do not believe there ever existed in the world, or ever will exist, a man with such sport and enjoyment as he has, or with such rare opportunities.

And when he has traveled till he reaches a place called CACHAR MODUN, there he finds his tents pitched, with the tents of his Sons, and his Barons, and those of his ladies and theirs, so that there shall be full 10,000 tents in all, and all fine and rich ones. And I will tell you how his own quarters are disposed. The tent in which he holds his courts is large enough to give cover easily to a thousand souls. It is pitched with its door to the south, and the Barons and Knights remain in waiting in it, whilst the Khan abides in another close to it on the west side. When he wishes to speak with any one he causes the person to be summoned to that other tent. Immediately behind the great tent there is a fine large chamber where the Khan sleeps; and there are also many other tents and chambers, but they are not in contact with the Great Tent as these are. The two audience-tents and the sleeping-chamber are constructed in this way. Each of the audience-tents has three poles, which are of spice-wood, and are most artfully covered with lions' skins, striped with black and white and red, so that they do not suffer from any weather. All three apartments are also covered outside with similar skins of striped lions, a substance that lasts for ever. And inside they are all lined with ermine and sable, these two being the finest and most costly furs in existence. For a robe of sable, large enough to line a mantle, is worth 2000 bezants of gold, or 1000 at least, and this kind of skin is called by the Tartars "The King of Furs." The beast itself is about the size of a marten. These two furs of which I speak are applied and inlaid so exquisitely, that it is really something worth seeing. All the tent-ropes are of silk. And, in short, I may say that those tents, to wit the two audience-halls and the

sleeping-chamber, are so costly that it is not every king could pay for them.

Round about these tents are others, also fine ones and beautifully pitched, in which are the Emperor's ladies, and the ladies of the other princes and officers. And then there are the tents for the hawks and their keepers, so that altogether the number of tents there on the plain is something wonderful. To see the many people that are thronging to and fro on every side and every day there, you would take the camp for a good big city. For you must reckon the Leeches [doctors], and the Astrologers, and the Falconers, and all the other attendants on so great a company; and add that everybody there has his whole family with him, for such is their custom.

The Khan remains encamped there until the spring, and all that time he does nothing but go hawking round about among the canebrakes along the lakes and rivers that abound in that region, and across fine plains on which are plenty of cranes and swans, and all sorts of other fowl. The other gentry of the camp also are never done with hunting and hawking, and every day they bring home great store of venison and feathered game of all sorts. Indeed, without having witnessed it, you would never believe what quantities of game are taken, and what marvelous sport and diversion they all have whilst they are in camp there.

There is another thing I should mention; to wit, that for twenty days' journey round the spot nobody is allowed, be he who he may, to keep hawks or hounds, though anywhere else whosoever list may keep them. And furthermore, throughout all the Emperor's territories, nobody, however audacious, dares to hunt any of these four animals, to wit, hare, stag, buck, and roe, from the month of March to the month of October. Anybody who should do so would rue it bitterly. But those people are so obedient to the Khan's commands, that even if a man were to find one of those animals asleep

by the roadside he would not touch it for the world! And thus the game multiplies at such a rate that the whole country swarms with it, and the Emperor gets as much as he could desire. Beyond the term I have mentioned, however, to wit, that from March to October, everybody may take these animals as he lists.

After the Emperor has tarried in that place, enjoying his sport as I have related, from March to the middle of May, he moves with all his people, and returns straight to his capital city of Cambaluc (which is also the capital of Cathay, as you have been told), but all the while continuing to take his diversion in hunting and hawking as he goes along.

In those days hunting with hawks and falcons was called a royal sport, although we should consider it rather cruel to chase the birds of the air with fierce birds of prey which are the natural enemies of the game

birds. But that was certainly a royal manner of hunting in which Kublai Khan went to the field. Carried in a fine chamber lined with gold and covered with choice skins, and borne by a double team of elephants, Kublai Khan had only to sit and view the scenery until called by his barons to look out for the game that had been scared up for him. No wonder that Marco exclaims in his enthusiasm that he does not believe that any other man in the world has such rare opportunities for sport! But the great Emperor had one drawback, which must have reminded him that he was, after all, only a common mortal. With all his magnificence, riches, and opportunities for enjoyment, this gorgeous monarch had the gout!

(To be continued.)

SANTA CLAUS STREET IN JINGLETOWN.

BY SARAH J. BURKE.

EVERY night when the lamps are lit,
And the stars through the curtain begin to
peep —
When pussy has grown too tired to play,
And has laid herself down on the rug to
sleep —
When the spoon drops into the empty bowl
(For baby has eaten her bread and milk),
And bright eyes hide behind drooping lids,
Fringed with lashes as soft as silk —
When I lift my baby and fold her bib,
And carry her off to her little crib,
She whispers: "Before we cuddle down
Let us take a journey to Jingtowntown."

Oh, Jingtowntown is a wonderful town!
Mother Goose lives on its finest square,
And little Jack Horner bought his pie.
At one of the bakers' shops there.
The House that Jack Built stands near the
church

Where they sounded Cock Robin's knell,
And Little Bo Peep there lost her sheep,
When she took them to town to sell.
But the funniest thing of all is this —
You must stop at the toll-gate and pay a kiss!
For the tiniest tear or the slightest frown
Will keep a child out of Jingtowntown.

When we go, I follow my baby's lead,
But, oh! she never wants to rest,
And I walk the streets of the queer old town
In a never-ending quest.
But the street that my darling loves the most
Is bordered with trees of evergreen,
Whose branches droop to the ground, and
show

The twinkling lights between.
There the merriest children swarm,
And my darling lingers, wrapped up warm
In her traveling robe of eider-down —
Santa Claus street, in Jingtowntown!

THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER VI.

MESSAGES OF DIRE DISASTERS.

"WHAT a pity," he cried, "that the boys on the next mountain should be left in ignorance of these victories when we could so easily send them the news without using the cipher — and this the Fourth of July, too!"

That form of communication, however, was strictly forbidden by the severe rules of the service, and it was the fate of Number 19 to remain in the dark, like all the other stations on the line, except the first and tenth and their own, which alone were in charge of commissioned officers who held the secret of the cipher.

The news of the destruction of the "Alabama," which had been the terror of the national merchant-vessels for two years, was of the highest importance, and would cause great rejoicing throughout the North. Although the battle with the "Kearsarge" had taken place on June 19th, it must be borne in mind that this period was before the permanent laying of the Atlantic cable, and European news was seven and eight days in crossing the ocean by the foreign steamers, and might be three days late before it started for this side, in case of an event which had happened three days before the sailing of the steamer. After several unsuccessful attempts, a cable had been laid between Europe and America in 1858, three years before the beginning of the great war, and had broken a few weeks after some words of congratulation had passed between Queen Victoria and President Buchanan. Some people even believed that the messages had been invented by the cable company, and that telegraphic communication had never been established at all along the bed of the ocean. At all events, news came by steamer in war-times, and so it happened

that these soldiers, who had been three days in the wilderness, heard with great joy, on July 4, of the sinking of the "Alabama," which happened on the coast of France on June 19.

The garrison flag was raised on a pole over the "A" tent, and the day was given up to enjoyment, which ended in supping on a roast fowl, with such garnishings as their limited larder would furnish. On this occasion Lieutenant Coleman waived his rank so far as to preside at the head of the table — which was a cracker-box — and after the feast they walked together to the station, and sat on the rocks in the moonlight to discuss the military situation.

If General Grant had met with some rebuffs in his recent operations against Petersburg, in Virginia, he was steadily closing his iron grasp on that city and Richmond; and not one of these intensely patriotic young men for a moment doubted the final outcome. Philip and Lieutenant Coleman had been much depressed by the recent disaster, and the news of the morning greatly raised their spirits. If Bromley was less excitable than his companions, the impressions he received were more enduring; but, on the other hand, he would be slower to recover from a great disappointment.

"The reins are in a firm hand at last," said Lieutenant Coleman, referring to the control then recently assumed by General Grant, "and now everything is bound to go forward. With Grant and Sheridan at Richmond; Farragut thundering on the coast; the "Alabama" at the bottom of the sea, and Uncle Billy forcing his lines nearer and nearer to Atlanta, we are making brave progress. I believe, boys, the end is in sight."

"Amen!" said Corporal Bromley.

"Hurrah!" cried Philip.

"You, boys," continued Lieutenant Coleman, "have enlisted for three years, while I have been educated to the profession of arms;

but if this rebellion is not soon put down I shall be ashamed of my profession, and leave it for some more respectable calling."

So they continued to talk until late into the night, cheered by the good news they had heard, and very hopeful of the future.

The following day was foggy, and Philip went down the ladder to bring up the potatoes, which he had quite forgotten in the excitement of the day before. Bromley, too, paid a visit to the tree where he had thrown in the cartridges; but the opening where he had cast in the sack was so far from the ground that it would be necessary to use the ax to recover it, and as he could find no drier or safer storehouse for the extra ammunition, he was content to leave it there for the present. Lieutenant Coleman busied himself in writing up the station journal in a blank-book provided for that purpose.

When Philip found his potatoes, which had been scattered on the ground where he had been thrown down in the darkness by the mysterious little animal, he was at first disposed to leave them, for they were so old and shrunken and small that he began to think the troopers had been playing a joke on him. But when he looked again, and saw the small sprouts peeping out of the eyes, a new idea came to him, and he gathered them carefully up in the sack. He bethought himself of the rich earth in the warm hollow of the plateau, where the sun lay all day, and where vegetation was only smothered by the coating of dead leaves; and he saw the delightful possibility of having new potatoes, of his own raising, before they were relieved from duty on the mountain. What better amusement could they find in the long summer days, after the morning messages were exchanged on the station, than to cultivate a small garden? If he had had the seeds of flowers, he might have thrown away the wilted potatoes; but next to the cultivation of flowers came the fruits of the earth, and if his plantation never yielded anything, it would be a pleasure to watch the vines grow. Lieutenant Coleman readily gave his consent; and, after raking off the carpet of leaves with a forked stick, the soft, rich soil lay exposed to the sun, so deep and mellow that a piece of green wood, flat-

tened at the end like a wedge, was sufficient to stir the earth and make it ready for planting. Philip cut the potatoes into small pieces, as he had seen the farmers do, and with the help of the others, who became quite interested in the work, the last piece was buried in the ground before sundown.

On the following morning the flags announced that, in a cavalry raid around Petersburg, General Wilson had destroyed sixty miles of railroad, and that forty days would be required to repair the damage done to the Danville and Richmond road. During the next three days there was no news worth recording, and the fever of gardening having taken possession of Philip, he planted some of the corn they had brought up for the chickens, and a row each of the peas and beans from their army rations.

The tenth of July was Sunday, the first since they had been left alone on the mountain; and Lieutenant Coleman required his subordinates to clean up about the camp, and at nine o'clock he put on his sword and inspected quarters like any company commander. After this ceremony, Philip read a psalm or two from his prayer-book, and Corporal Bromley turned over the pages of the Blue Book, which was the Revised Army Regulations of 1863. These two works constituted their limited library.

There was a dearth of news in the week that followed, and what little came was depressing to these enthusiastic young men, to whom the temporary inactivity of the army which they had just left was insupportable.

On Monday morning, however, came the cheering news that General Sherman's army was again in motion, and had completed the crossing of the Chattahoochee River the evening before.

On the 19th, they learned that General Sherman had established his lines within five miles of Atlanta, and that the Confederate general Johnston had been relieved by General Hood.

The messages by flag were received every day, when the weather was favorable, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning; and now that the campaign had reopened with such promise of continued activity, the days, and even the nights, dragged, so feverish was the

desire of the soldiers to hear more. They wandered about the mountain-top and discussed the military situation; but, if anything more than another tended to soothe their nerves, it was the sight of their garden, in which the corn and potatoes were so far advanced that each day seemed to add visibly to their growth.

On the morning of the 21st, they learned that Hood had assaulted that flank of the intrenched line which was commanded by General Hooker, and that in so doing the enemy had been three times gallantly repulsed. The new Confederate general was less prudent than the old one, and they chuckled to think of the miles of log breastworks they knew so well, at which he was hurling his troops. General Sherman was their military idol, and they knew how well satisfied he would be with this change in the tactics of the enemy.

By this time it had become their habit to remain near the station while Lieutenant Coleman figured out the messages, each of which he read aloud as soon as he comprehended its meaning.

On Saturday morning, July 23, while Corporal Bromley leaned stolidly on his flagstaff, and Philip walked about impatiently, Lieutenant Coleman jumped up and read from the paper he held in his hand:

"Hood attacked again yesterday. Repulsed with a loss of 7000 killed and wounded."

With no thought of the horrible meaning of these formidable figures to the widows and orphans of the men who had fallen in this gallant charge, Philip and Bromley cheered and cheered again, while the lieutenant sat down to decipher the next message. When he had mastered it, the paper fell from his hands. He was speechless for the moment.

"What is it?" said Philip, turning pale with the certainty of bad news.

"General McPherson is killed," said Lieutenant Coleman.

Now, so strangely are the passions of men wrought up in the time of war that these three hot-headed young partizans were quick to shed tears over the death of one man, though the destruction of a great host of their enemies had filled their hearts only with a fierce delight.

During the Sunday which followed, there

was a feeling of gloomy foreboding on the mountain, and under it a fierce desire to hear what should come next.

On Monday morning, July 25, the sun rose in a cloudless sky, bathing the trees and all the distant peaks with cheerful light, while at the altitude of the station his almost vertical rays were comfortable to feel in the cool breeze which blew across the plateau. Lieutenant Coleman glanced frequently at the face of his watch, and the instant the hands stood at nine Philip began waving the flag. There was no response from the other mountain for so long a time that Corporal Bromley came to his relief, and the red flag with a white center continued to beat the air with a rushing and fluttering sound which was painful in the silence and suspense of waiting.

When at last the little flag appeared on the object-glass of the telescope, it spelled but seven words and then disappeared. Philip uttered an exclamation of surprise at the brevity of the message, while Bromley wiped the perspiration from his forehead and waited where he stood.

In another minute Lieutenant Coleman had translated the seven words, but even in that brief time, Corporal Bromley, whose eyes were fixed on his face, detected the deathly pallor which spread over his features. The young officer looked with a hopeless stare at his corporal, and without uttering a word extended his hand with the scrap of paper on which he had written the seven words of the message.

Bromley took it, while Philip ran eagerly forward and looked tremblingly over his comrade's shoulder.

The seven words of the message read:

"General Sherman was killed yesterday before Atlanta."

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH THE THREE SOLDIERS MAKE A
REMARKABLE RESOLUTION.

LIEUTENANT COLEMAN, although stunned by the news conveyed by the seven words of the message, as soon as he could reopen communication with the other mountain, telegraphed

back to Lieutenant Swann, in command of the tenth station:

"Is there no mistake in flagging General Sherman's death?"

It was late in the afternoon when the return message came, which read as follows:

"None. I have taken the same precaution to telegraph back to the station at Chattanooga.

"LIEUT. JAMES SWANN, U. S. A."

After this, and the terrible strain of waiting, Lieutenant Coleman and Corporal Bromley walked away in different directions on the mountain-top; and poor Philip, left alone, sat down on the ground and burst into tears over the death of his favorite general. He saw nothing but gloom and disaster in the future. What would the old army do without its brilliant leader?

And, sure enough, on the following morning came the news that the heretofore victorious army was falling back across the Chattahoochee; and another despatch confirmed the death of General Sherman, who had been riding along his lines with a single orderly when he was shot through the heart by a sharpshooter of the enemy.

Every morning after that the three soldiers went up to the station at the appointed hour, expecting only bad news, and, without fail, only bad news came. They learned that the baffled army in and about Marietta was being reorganized by General Thomas; but the ray of hope was quenched in their hearts a few days later, when the news came that General Grant had met with overwhelming disaster before Richmond, and, like McClellan before him, was fighting his way back to his base of supplies at City Point.

One day—it was August 6—there came a message from the chief signal-office at Chattanooga directing them to remain at their posts, at all hazards, until further orders; and, close upon this, a report that General Grant's army was rapidly concentrating on Washington by way of the Potomac River.

They had no doubt that the swift columns of Lee were already in motion overland toward the National capital, and they were not likely to be many days behind the Federal army in concentrating at that point. Rumors of foreign

intervention followed quick on the heels of this disheartening news, and on August 10 came a despatch which, being interpreted, read: "Yesterday, after a forced march of incredible rapidity, Longstreet's corps crossed the upper Potomac near the Chain Bridge, and captured two forts to the north of Rock Creek Church. At daylight on August 9, after tearing up a sec-



"POOR PHILIP, LEFT ALONE, BURST INTO TEARS."

tion of the Baltimore and Ohio's tracks, a column of cavalry under Fitzhugh Lee captured a train-load of the government archives, bound for Philadelphia."

Thus on the very day when General Sherman was bombarding the city of Atlanta, and when everything was going well with the National cause elsewhere, these misguided young men were brought to the verge of despair by some mysterious agency which was cunningly falsifying the daily despatches. Nothing more melancholy can be conceived than the entries made at this time by Lieutenant Coleman in the station diary.

Returning to the entry of July 28, which was the day following that on which they had re-

ceived information of the death of General Sherman, the unhappy officer writes:

My men are intensely patriotic, and the despatch came to each of us like a personal blow. Its effect on my two men was an interesting study of character. Corporal Bromley is a Harvard man, having executive ability as well as education far above his humble rank, who entered the service of his country at the first call to arms without a thought for his personal advantage. He is a man of high courage; and if he has a fault it is a too outspoken intolerance of the failures of his superiors. Private Welton is of a naturally refined and sensitive nature, and at first he seemed wholly cowed and broken in spirit. Bromley, on the other hand, as he strode away from the station, showed a countenance livid with rage.

After supper, for we take our meals apart, I invited the men to my tent and we sat out in the moonlight to discuss the probable situation. We talked of the overwhelming news until late in the evening, and then sat for a time in silence in the shadow of the chestnut trees looking out at the dazzling whiteness of the mountain top before retiring, each to his individual sorrow.

In the entry for August 6, after commenting somewhat bitterly on the report of the defeat of the Army of the Potomac, Lieutenant Coleman says, with reference to the despatch from the chief signal-officer of the same date:

The situation at this station is such, owing to our ignorance of the sentiment of the mountaineers and the hazard of visiting them in uniform, that I find a grave difficulty confronting me, which must be provided for at once. Our guide to this point has returned to Tennessee with the cavalry escort, and I have now reason deeply to regret that he was not required to put us in communication with some trustworthy Union men. The issue of commissary stores is reduced from this date to half rations, and we shall begin at once to eke out our daily portion by such edibles as we can find on the mountain. Huckleberries are abundant in the field above the bridge, and the men are already counting on the wild mandrakes.

August 8. Nothing cheering to brighten the gloom of continued defeat and disaster. The necessity of procuring everything edible within our reach keeps my men busy and affords them something to think of besides the disasters to the National armies. Welton discovered to-day four fresh-laid eggs, snugly hidden in a nest of leaves under a clump of chestnut sprouts interwoven with dry grasses, three of which he brought in.

These entries referring to trivial things are interesting as showing the temper of the men, and how they employed their time at this critical period.

On August 18 came a despatch that the

Army of Northern Virginia was entering Washington without material opposition. Lieutenant Coleman, in a portion of his diary for this date, says:

After a prolonged state of anger during which he has commented bitterly on the conduct of affairs at Washington, Corporal Bromley has settled into a morose and irritable mood, in which no additional disaster disturbs him in the slightest degree. With his fine perceptions and well-trained mind, the natural result of a liberal education, I have found him heretofore a most interesting companion in hours off duty. My situation is made doubly intolerable by his present condition.

At 9.30 A.M. of August 20, 1864, came the last despatches that were received by the three soldiers on Whiteside Mountain.

Hold on for immediate relief. Peace declared. Confederate States are to retain Washington.

The effect of this last message upon the young men who received it is fully set forth in the diary of the following day, and no later account could afford so vivid a picture of the remarkable events recorded by Lieutenant Coleman:

August 21, 1864. The messages of yesterday were flagged with the usual precision, and we have no reason to doubt their accuracy. Indeed, what has happened was expected by us so confidently that the despatches as translated by me were received in silence by my men and without any evidence of excitement or surprise. I myself felt a sense of relief that the inevitable and disgraceful end had come.

* * * * *

Last evening was a memorable occasion to the three men on this mountain. We are no longer separated by any difference in rank, having mutually agreed to waive all such conditions. In presence of such agreement, I, Frederick Henry Coleman, Second Lieutenant in the 12th Regiment of Cavalry of the military forces of the United States (formerly so called), have this day, August 21, 1864, written my resignation and sealed and addressed it to the Adjutant-General, wherever he may be. I am fully aware that, until the document is forwarded to its destination, only some power outside myself can terminate my official connection with the army, and that my personal act operates only to divest me of rank in the estimation of my companions in exile.

After our supper last night we walked across the field in front of our quarters and around to the point where the northern end of the plateau joins the rocky face of the mountain. The sun had already set behind the opposite ridge, and the gathering shadows among the rocks and under the trees added a further color of melancholy to our gloomy and foreboding thoughts.

I am forced to admit that I have not been the dominant spirit in the resolution at which we have arrived. George Bromley had several times asserted that he would never return to a disgraced and divided country. At the time I had regarded his words as only the irresponsible expression of excitement and passion.

As we stood together on the hill last night, Bromley reverted to this subject, speaking with unusual calmness and deliberation. "For my part," said he, pausing to give force to his decision, "I never desire to set foot in the United States again. I suppose I am as well equipped for the life of a hermit as any other man; and I am sure that my temper is not favorable to meeting my countrymen, who are my countrymen no longer, and facing the humiliation and disgrace of this defeat. I have no near relatives and no personal attachments to compensate for what I regard as the sacrifice of a return and a tacit acceptance of the new order of things. I came into the army fresh from a college course which marked the close of my youth; and shall I return in disgrace, without a profession or ambition to begin a new career in the shadow of this overwhelming disaster? I bind no one to my resolution," he continued, in clear, cold tones; "all I ask is that you leave me the old flag, and I will set up a country of my own on this mountain-top, whose natural defenses will enable me to keep away all disturbers of my isolation."

I was deeply impressed with his words, and the more so because of the absence of all passion in his manner. I had respected him for his attainments; I now felt that I loved the man for his unselfish, consuming love of

country. Strange to say, I, too, was without ties of kindred. My best friends in the old army had fallen in battle for the cause that was lost. On the night when we sat together exulting over the double victory of the capture of Kenesaw Mountain and the sinking of the "Alabama," I had expressed a determination to renounce my chosen profession in a certain event. That event had taken place. Under the magnetic influence of Bromley, what had only been a threat before became a bitter impulse and then a fierce resolve.

Taking his hand, and looking steadily into his calm eyes, I said: "I am an officer of the United States Army, but I will promise you this; until I am ordered to do so, I will never leave this place."

Philip Welton had been a silent listener to this strange conversation. His more sentimental nature was melted to tears, and in a few words he signified his resolution to join his fate with ours.

We walked back across the mountain-top in the white light of the full moon, silently as we had come. After the resolve we had made, I began already to experience a sense of relief from the shame I felt at the failure of our numerous armies. The old Government had fallen from its proud position among the nations of the earth. The flag we loved had been trampled under foot and despoiled of its stars—of how many we knew not. Our path lay through the plantation of young corn whose broad glistening leaves brushed our faces and filled the air with the sweet fragrance of the juicy stalks. The planting seemed to have been an inspiration which alone would make it possible for us to survive the first winter.

(To be continued.)



"Little
Miss
Muffit."

THE JAPANESE "GOOD-DAY."

BY MAE ST. JOHN BRAMHALL.



A FALL to the knees,
A turn to the toes,
A spread of the hands,
And a dip of the nose.
It takes all these just to say, "Good-day,"
In Chrysanthemum-land, so far away.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

BY FLORENCE E. PRATT.

WILLY in the corner crying! What can
be the matter?
What can ail my happy little, merry little
boy?
Tears on Christmas morning!—tell us
what 's the trouble.
Who has caused the tears that spoil our
little darling's joy?
"Grandpa's gone a-skating with the little
skates I gave him;
Auntie 's sitting reading in the Fairy-
book I bought;

Mama 's playing horses with that pair of
reins—a present
I made to her last Friday. It 's mean!
because I thought—

"Boohoo!—I thought that grandpa was a
gen'rous sort of grandpa,
And I thought that all the rest of 'em
were generous, you see;
And after they had all admired the pretty
things I gave them,
They 'd think such things more suit'ble
for a little boy like me!"

ST. NICHOLAS DAY IN HOLLAND.

BY ANNIE C. KUIPER.

HAVE you ever been in Holland? I don't mean to ask whether you have passed through it on your way to Germany or Switzerland; but have you really seen the country and its peculiar beauties? If you have, you must have admired the pretty walks along the canals in Amsterdam, and the fine old houses and high bridges in the ancient part of the town, the beautiful scenery of The Hague and Scheveningue, the splendid picture-galleries, the lovely woods near Arnheim and the surrounding villages, the green meadows with their famous cattle in the northern part of the country, and—ever so many things more, which you should see day visit if you have not yet seen them.

Holland naturally looks its prettiest in spring and in summer, though it is a fine sight to see the skating on the canals and on the ponds in the parks upon a bright winter day. But not all days in winter *are* bright in Holland. We have no London fogs; but we, as well as the inhabitants of the English metropolis, have our share of rain and mud. If you could see Amsterdam during the dark days of November and December, you would not be much charmed with it, I fear.

And yet there are days in those months when, notwithstanding the bad temper of the weather and the muddy slipperiness of the streets, all the large and small towns in Holland, and the villages and hamlets as well, wear a look of importance, of something unusual going on, and something well worth seeing. This is on the days preceding December 6, and on that day itself, when old and young remember and praise St. Nicholas, the dear old saint of long ago. There is a pleasant, bright, festive look about the shops, a gay bustle among the customers, a cheerful good-nature shown by people meeting on the streets, which reminds one of the famous description of an English Christmas in Dickens's "Christmas Carol."

The city of Amsterdam claims St. Nicholas as its patron saint, and during the first week of December confectioners' shops throughout the city display one special delicacy called "St. Nicholas cake," of which large quantities are sold at this season. "Men" and "women" made of this crisp, brown cake, or gingerbread, can be bought in different sizes and at all prices. These sweet creatures are often called "sweet-hearts" ("*vrijers*" we say in Dutch), and the girls receive a "man," the boys a "woman." I remember quite well what fun it used to be to hear the servant come in with: "If you please, ma'am, here is Miss Annie's sweetheart"—and see her hand a gingerbread man to my mother.

Most of the confectioners—indeed, nearly *all* shopkeepers—give up one of their private rooms for the purpose of showing off their Christmas wares to the best advantage.

At the confectioners' happy children gaze upon little candy tables, chairs, mice, cats, dogs, funny little clowns and babies, dolls' houses, whistles, fishes, cigars,—the whole alphabet in pretty letters; in fact, everything,—in sugar and chocolate. I have often seen little children, allowed to choose one or two of these precious dainties, take in all the splendor of a confectioner's shop with glistening eyes, and stand hesitating, hesitating, unable to decide what they would like to possess most.

Naturally proud is the happy confectioner of his lovely "hearts," the large pieces of delicious marchpane which his energy molds into heart shape. A very frequent joke is the sending of such a heart to an intimate friend. It sometimes means something, but as a rule is nothing but a joke. Of course most girls like having such an innocent heart sent to them; and it is funny to see the mysterious look with which one tells another: "I had a large heart sent to me last night. I cannot possibly think who sent it!"

One kind of gingerbread is very popular at the feast of St. Nicholas. From its toughness it is called "tough-tough" (Dutch, *taai-taai*). One needs very good, sound teeth to eat this hard, brown delicacy, which, however, becomes

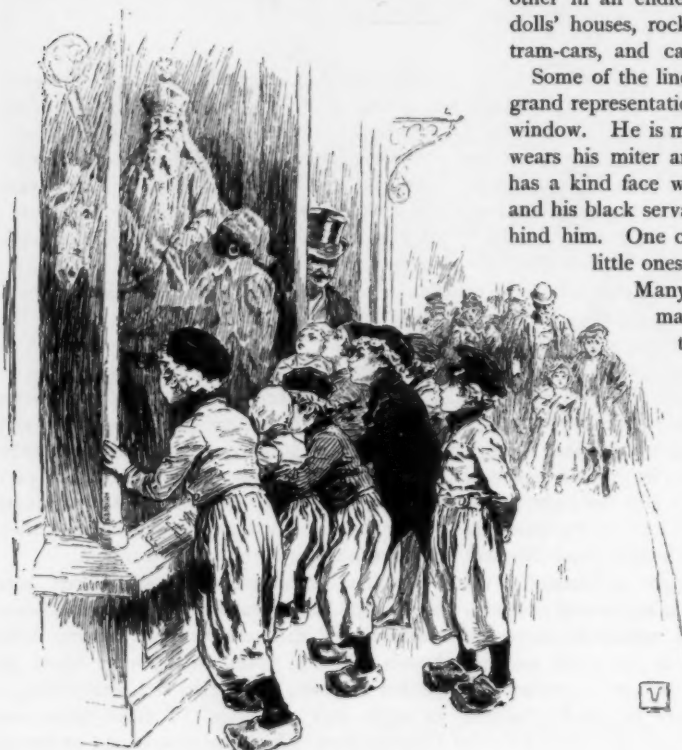
their rarity at this time of the year; the fancy-shops, with their beautiful vases and brackets, tiny lamps, blue-and-white jugs, and tiles, which are the delight of all foreigners; and the toy-shops, which seem to rival each other in an endless variety of dolls and dolls' houses, rocking-horses, whips, balls, tram-cars, and carriages.

Some of the linen-drapers' shops have a grand representation of St. Nicholas in the window. He is mounted on a fiery horse, wears his miter and bright red robe, and has a kind face with a long, white beard, and his black servant Jan (John) stands behind him. One can always see groups of little ones admiring the figures.

Many of the other shops are made specially attractive by the so-called "surprises" in the windows. Sometimes they consist of artificial apples made of soap, with a mysterious opening somewhere, in which the present has to be concealed. We also see beautifully imitated pieces of meat, loaves, old hats, funny little Chinese figures, grim chimney-sweepes, big carrots, and so on. But the nicest and most intricate sur-

prises are those made by the giver himself or herself. Of these more hereafter.

The greatest fun, after all, goes on *in* the houses, not outside. In some families with many little children the night preceding December 5 shows a worthy preparation of the famous things which are to follow. Santa Claus (or Sint-Nicolaas, also Sinterklaas, as he is called in Holland) mounts his fiery steed and rides over the roofs of the houses. He often puts his hand into his capacious pocket, and out comes an abundance of sweets, which he throws through the chimneys into the rooms where the glad children, who have been singing the Saint's praises ever since dinner-time,



ST. NICHOLAS IN THE WINDOW.

mellow with age if patiently kept for some time in a tin box.

It is a treat to go through the streets of Amsterdam in this first week of December, and to walk leisurely past the shops, which all look their best and brightest, often in pleasant contrast to the gloomy and dirty weather.

The jewelers' shops, with their splendid show of glistening rings and necklaces, diamonds of all sizes, brooches and bracelets, little knick-knacks and costly trifles, attract a great deal of attention. So do the fruit-shops, with their red-cheeked apples and fine hothouse grapes and pears; the flower-shops, with their delicate ferns and roses, looking the prettier because of

rush at the rain of goodies and gather as much as they possibly can.

Sometimes a brave little mite of four or five years goes as near as possible to the chimney, and cries out in a loud, clear voice: "*Dank je wel, Sinterklaas!*" ("Thank you very much, Santa Claus!") The next evening the same brave child may have to recite a piece of poetry when St. Nicholas stands before her in all his glory of miter, white beard, and red robe trimmed with gold and soft white fur. His black servant stands grinning behind, and the little child feels so much awed by the presence of the two visitors that the poem is recited in an extremely low voice. Needless to say that there is always an uncle or a friend of the family willing to represent St. Nicholas. The Saint himself hands round the presents, which his black servant has been carrying in a large bag, and afterward disappears — not up the chimney, but, like an ordinary mortal, through the door.

In some houses the little children who go to bed early put out their shoes and stockings and find them crammed with presents in the morning. Others have to play a game of hide-and-seek for their presents, which the father and mother have hidden in the most mysterious manner and in out-of-the-way places. In a great many families, however, December 5 is celebrated by sending and receiving parcels in

the evening of that day. "Parcels" must be taken here in a very broad sense. The servant who has to answer the bell is obliged to bring in whatever is put into her hands or before her, and consequently is often heard to giggle behind the door of the room in which the whole family is assembled. Then in walks — nay, is put — a most extraordinary-looking gentleman or old lady, or a queer animal, consisting chiefly of wood or of linen filled with sawdust, in which the present, sometimes one of very small dimensions, lies concealed. Funny little rhymes often accompany the parcels; and generally much good-natured teasing is contained in the poetical lines. The patience of some people is often sorely tried by a parcel consisting of a big ball of very fine cotton, which has to be unwound to get at the present.

The day after St. Nicholas there is such a lot of talking and laughing going on in the school-room, such a buzz, such exclamations of joy and admiration, and, among the girls, such kissing and warm thanksgivings, and so very little inclination for the every-day duties of life, that the teacher's patience may be tried; but he or she also has had a bright St. Nicholas eve, and has enjoyed it so thoroughly that for once work and learning get less attention than they deserve, and are neglected for a nice, bright talk which takes up the first half hour of the day.



AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS DINNER.



IT'S A SERIOUS THING TO WALK ABROAD
DRESSED UP IN FINEST STYLE;



ABOUT OUR WORK WITHIN THE HOUSE
WE'RE MERRY ALL THE WHILE.

REPORT UPON THE PRIZE PUZZLE "FIFTY CHARADES."

THE correct and complete list of answers is as follows:

ANSWERS TO THE FIFTY CHARADES.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Crabbed (crab, bed). | 26. Notice (not, knot; ice). |
| 2. Arcady, or Arcadie (ark; A. D. for Anno Domini). | 27. Capsize (caps, eyes; or caps, sighs; or cap, sighs). |
| 3. Eye-glass (I, glass). | 28. Mortgage (Moore, Gage). |
| 4. Pleasure (plea, sure). | 29. Mandolin (man, dole, inn, in). |
| 5. Mermaid (myrrh, made). | 30. Urchin (Ur, chin). |
| 6. Cat-tail, or cat's-tails (cat, tail; or cats, tails). | 31. August (awe, gust). |
| 7. Helpmeet (help, meat). | 32. Windfall (wind, fall). |
| 8. Escape (s, cape). | 33. Sideboard (sighed, bored). |
| 9. Nosegay (nose, gay). | 34. Seaweed, or seaweeds (sea, C, si; weed or weeds). |
| 10. Crosswise (cross, wise). | 35. Snowdrop (snow, drop). |
| 11. Kindred (kind, red). | 36. Bootjack (boot, jack). |
| 12. Couplet (cup, let). | 37. Sealskin (seal, skin). |
| 13. Lamp-post (lamp, post). | 38. Corn-cob (corn, cob). |
| 14. Jason (Jay, J, jay; sun). | 39. Beanstalk (beans, talk). |
| 15. Heathen (heat, hen). | 40. Tartan (tar, tan). |
| 16. Maiden (May, den). | 41. Failure (fail, your). |
| 17. Sidewalk (side, walk). | 42. Hubbard ("Hub," bard). |
| 18. Portent, or portents (pour; tent or tents). | 43. Student (stew, dent). |
| 19. Shirt-waist, or shirt-waists (shirt; waist or waists). | 44. Ink-well (ink, well). |
| 20. Apron (ape, run). | 45. Brownie (brow, knee). |
| 21. Decade (deck, aid). | 46. Sparrow (spar, row). |
| 22. Threshold (thresh, old). | 47. Lesson (less, son). |
| 23. Spendthrift (spend, thrift). | 48. Carmine (car, mine). |
| 24. Cowslip (cow, slip). | 49. Firedog, or firedogs (fire; dog or dogs). |
| 25. Motor (moat, mote; or, ore). | 50. Snowball (snow, ball). |

Under the conditions, as stated in the October number, the Committee of Judges in awarding the prizes took into consideration the ages of the senders and the neatness of the manuscripts.

Out of sixteen hundred answers received fifty-eight were found correct; and among these the standard of excellence was so high that it was difficult to decide upon the thirty to whom prizes were due. But after a careful weighing of merits, the Committee has awarded the promised prizes as follows:

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS.

(The figures after the names are the ages of the winners. Where no figures are given, the age is over 18.)

First Prize, Ten Dollars: May D. Bevier.

Two Second Prizes, of Eight Dollars each: Marian Jackson Homans, 15; Katharine McDowell Rice.

Five Prizes, of Six Dollars each: Etta S. Guild; Clara L. Nasmith; Mary F. Sanford, 16; Amelia Burr, 17; Roger W. Tuttle.

Ten Prizes, of Four Dollars each: Stoddard S. More, 12; John C. More, 14; Ellen C. Goodwin; Margaret Webb; Katharine S. Frost, 13; Mary N. MacCracken; Sophie S. Lanneau, 16; J. Barton Townsend; Charles Ewan Merritt; Julia Townsend Coit.

Twelve Prizes, of Two Dollars each: Abbie S. Kingman; Clara L. King; Anne Huene; Lilian Lehman Schindel, 17; Robert Dunlap, 12; Eleanor Spangler Kieffer; Earle G. Heyl, 17; Ralph W. Deacon, 18; Marjorie Cole, 12; Norma Rose Waterbury, 13; Elisabeth Quincy Sewall, 15; Helen C. McCleary.

But there still remained twenty-eight competitors whose answers, though not equal (under the conditions of the competition) to those of these prize-winners, were yet correct in giving the list of fifty words upon which the charades were made. Thirteen of these clever solvers are entitled to especial consideration because under eighteen years of age, and the Committee has decided to award thirteen extra prizes of one dollar each to these younger contestants,

and to put upon a brief Roll of Honor the names of the fifteen successful solvers who were over eighteen. The Roll of Honor is, therefore, a mark of especial distinction, since all whose names are there presented handed in a correct list of the answers.

Thirteen Extra Prizes of One Dollar each: R. Charlotte Moffitt, 15; Morton Atwater, 14; Elsie Mulligan, 13; Joseph B. Eastman, 14; Stillman Dexter, 16; George Howard White, Jr., 15; Jean Richardson, 10; Elsie Goddard, 11; Evelyn L. Swain, 15; William H. Geisler, 13; Ben F. Carpenter, 16; Grace Viele, 17; Harold C. Dodge, 11.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Zella Cronyn, John J. Moffitt, Mary Stephens, Harriet I. Meakin, Sue B. Lowrie, Grace Van Giahn, Marion Fraser Crane, Lucretia Pope, Janet Emerson, Mabelle Jacquette Hunter, Mrs. Charles F. Lilly, Cordelia B. Browne, D. G. Fiske, Almira C. Twining, Mary Evelyn Thomas.

This competition has been a sort of "ST. NICHOLAS family" affair. So many kind and charming letters were received with the solutions, written in a spirit of delightful friendliness, that the Editor has decided to allow all of the competitors to share some of these letters.

Here are quotations from some of the many letters received:

"I AM over eighteen,—twice over, in fact,—but I was beginning to wonder even if at that I was old enough to guess those charades. However, I aged a good deal while at work on them, and succeeded in solving forty-nine by last Saturday, but number two baffled me until to-day."

"Even though I fail to win a prize, I want to thank you for the pleasure that this and the other prize puzzles have given us. * * * We have been taking ST. NICHOLAS for three years, and have enjoyed every number. We all thank you most heartily for many pleasant hours, and we hope you may live always to delight young folks."

"I must confess to having stayed awake nights over some of the answers to these charades."

"It is very fascinating and tantalizing, the work of solving these charades; and the ones that seem simplest are usually the most baffling."

"The following solutions are sent by one to whom ST. NICHOLAS has been for years a very dear friend, bringing often, in hours of pain and weariness, the rest and recreation which other—though dear—book-friends had failed to bring."

"I am confined to my bed with a lame knee, and it is in a plaster cast. Mother and I began to work at the charades for my amusement. We were so interested we could not stop. Thank you for the pleasure you have given me."

"The prize puzzle in ST. NICHOLAS has given much pleasure in our family, and we consider it most ingenious and interesting."

"We have taken you for seven years, but the answer to the prize puzzle, forwarded to-day, is the first time we have attempted any communication but a business one. * * * We have enjoyed the charades so much, and are already rewarded by our pleasure for the effort. Your magazine is highly prized, even in this far-off Canadian town."

"Although it was not 'so nominated in the bond,' Helen desires me to say that she had assistance from mama in finding her answers. It is with deep regret, mingled with disgust, that she finally consents to forego all hope of the first prize, because of number two's Cim-

merian darkness; and she expects a double measure of disgust when time shall reveal the simple answer. Helen does not remember the time when ST. NICHOLAS was not her own familiar friend, and she wishes you to know that it was because of her delight in 'Marjorie and her Papa' that her little sister was named Marjorie five years ago."

"I want very much to get one of the prizes. I tried so hard to make my answers look nice that the back of my neck aches yet."

"The puzzle has afforded me several dollars' worth of fun, whether my answers merit a prize or not."

"My people have taken 'dear ST. NICHOLAS' ever since the first number was issued; we have been 'brought up' on it. The youngest member of our household is now thirteen, but none of our family (and it is a large one) can ever grow too old to read you."

"I candidly confess that I do not expect a prize, but I have been richly repaid by the satisfaction derived from a partial solution of your ingenious brain-twisters."

"When I tell you that I have been your constant and enthusiastic reader since the year 1874, I need hardly add that I am over eighteen. Every month for twenty-two years your familiar presence has come to gladden our household. * * * I have read the conditions for former prize puzzles with an unconquerable sense of disappointment that I could not try too, and you can imagine my delight when I discovered that this time there was 'a chance for young and old.' I am sure there is no one who takes more pleasure in submitting a list of answers than myself."

"For many years I have been your interested reader and devoted admirer. Therefore I was much pleased to see your contest thrown open to your grown-up children."

"I am so glad you have allowed older readers to guess your charades. My sister and I began to take your magazine in 1879, so of late years I have been counted out in the competitions."

"You are an old and dear friend of our family, as we have a complete set of bound volumes. I have never tried for any of the prize puzzles before this."

"In sending my set of answers to the charades, let me send you my thanks for extending the age limit."

"I have been deeply interested in these charades, and think them wonderfully good."

"I have been a reader, for a long time, of your good pages, but I have not enjoyed anything more than these capital charades."

"It has been a great pleasure to solve this puzzle, as the charades are so ingeniously written."

"We did not guess quite all of the charades. I could not tell you the age, because all of our family guessed them — my mother, father, grandfather, aunt, and uncle."

"I am sure it must be a pleasure to know so witty and charming a woman as the author of these charades — with the exquisite variety of their verse and their ingenious and accurate, yet puzzling, clues — must be. I humbly offer her my compliments on her achievement."

"I am sorry that I must acknowledge eighteen and over; but two facts, at least, compel me. One is, that in your very earliest years you were my childhood's frequent visitor, and several of your first volumes are still treasured in my library, and are often referred to for instruction or amusement. And the second is a small daughter who, though too young to solve puzzles, has for the last three years delighted monthly in the bright and merry pages of ST. NICHOLAS. I wish to express the pleasure I have taken, these past few days, in attempting to solve these extremely clever charades."

"M—— has solved these charades unaided; and she has been a regular reader of ST. NICHOLAS ever since she could read. I consider a course in your magazine quite as essential in my children's education as one in mathematics."

"It seems as if I really ought to thank you for all the pleasure you have given me during the many years that I have read your pages. You seem even more of a companion to me now than in my younger days, though you were then the only magazine I cared to read. In especial, I owe you thanks for the many pleasant hours spent over these charades. This is the most enjoyable puzzle I ever encountered; and I have always been very fond of puzzles."

"I inclose a list of answers to the prize charades, and I wish to add my appreciation of their cleverness. One had only to guess one answer when the fascination immediately began to work; and if the demand for extra numbers has been as universal as in this town, I am sure you will think the charades have received the attention they deserve."

"For fifteen years your magazine has been a regular visitor at our home, and next to 'the girls,' their father has been its most devoted reader. Using two evenings, he made satisfactory answers to all but two of the fifty charades. These he carried with him mentally through several days' journeys, and finally submits them to your gentle criticism, with only a very slight qualm on one single point."

"I send you herewith my solutions to the best lot of charades ever published. They are not only good, they are exceedingly clever. * * * I hope you will publish more charades soon, either with or without a prize attachment."

"Before me, drawn up in long array, are the red backs of ST. NICHOLAS, from the first number ever published. They are by no means in a bright, new condition, though they have been bound and rebound; for they have been constantly used ever since my oldest brother was old enough to enjoy them. How many times we have read the old stories! * * * May there never be a year when a new ST. NICHOLAS is not added to our long line!"

"I send you herewith my answers to all but two of the charades, which, of course, we think deserve a prize — indeed, if they may be valued by the amount of midnight oil and much wrinkling of brows expended on them, are entitled to *all* the prizes! However, I shall be satisfied with one, or even with none, if there be as many better answers as will absorb all the prizes. But please don't give us any more charades, at least not for some time, until we have rested and got back to our normal condition. For these charades have risen up with us and sat down with us for two whole weeks. They have cooled our porridge in the morning and our soup at dinner; and as for lunch, Smith's 'Classical Dictionary' with 'Worcester' for sauce, was more than enough. At first the children complained of having charades served up three times a day, and between meals as well; and my amiable better-half has gone about her duties with the same 'prize-puzzle expression' as was worn by the rest of us. Now, however, that the agony is over, we join in exclaiming, 'Oh, joy!'

"But, joking apart, we all ask you to thank Miss Carolyn Wells for her beautiful charades, and for the fun she has afforded us."

"ST. NICHOLAS came in my mail when I was ill at a hospital. The charades have made easier for me many hours of pain. I think, although I never tried a charade before, that I could have puzzled them all out if I had had time and strength, but I could look at the book only a few minutes at a time; sometimes I could only have a stanza read to me by one of the nurses, and sometimes I could not even think of them for days. It has been good exercise to sharpen the wits, even if I do leave many blanks. I can hardly wait to see the correct answers."

"Your magazine has been familiar to us — a part of our pleasure — nearly all the years of its existence; and I think the younger readers hardly find it more interesting, or give it a more cordial welcome, than does *one*, at least, of the older children."

"In submitting the inclosed list of answers, I would say that the charades have helped me to pass away many tedious and painful hours."

"I inclose the combined effort of our family, even the father at times coming to our relief. The children have been warned that, so far as a prize is concerned, they must be willing to be disappointed. Still, they have had great pleasure in the work, and we thank you for the pleasure you are always giving us."

"Helen sends you the solution of thirty-seven charades; she has done her very best without any assistance, excepting her dictionary. * * * She can repeat every charade, without reference to the book, from constantly studying them."

"This is the first time I have ever tried to solve charades, and they have nearly driven me distracted. I am over eighteen years old, and perhaps it may interest you to know that I have been stone-deaf and nearly blind since a little boy, and besides that, I lost all the fingers

of my right hand about eight years ago. Yet, as you see, I have learned to write. It was hard work learning, but now, by practice, I can do anything except climb a rope. As you will imagine, it is no small thing for a deaf person to solve such play on words as charades; and the few years of my life in which I could hear were passed among the Kaffirs and Fingo tribes in South Africa. I have been a delighted reader of *ST. NICHOLAS* for several years. It is always a welcome guest to me."

One list, prefaced by a brief note saying that the writer was totally blind, was written beautifully, but in pencil. Besides the list of answers, she inclosed the following original prose charade: "My first is one of the great ruling powers on the earth; my second is used many times in the construction of a house; my whole is often used instead of my first." The word which forms the answer will be found in this paragraph.

Two or three competitors sent answers in rhyme; and the winner of the first prize, May D. Bevier, not only had every answer correct, but put each answer into the form of a verse that was almost, if not quite, equal in merit to the charade itself.

A few of her clever verses are here appended.

4. Pleasure (plea, sure).

MAID of Athens, hear my *plea*!
I have given my heart to thee.
Thou art tender, true, and pure—
Let me of thy love be *sure*.
Speak thy *pleasure*, quickly speak!
Alas! to me 't will all be Greek.

11. Kindred (kind, red).

COLUMBUS sailed before the wind,
Leaving his *kindred* all behind;
They said that, though the world was wide,
He'd tumble off on the other side:
But he was bold to risk mishap,
In order to complete the map;
And so at last he found his way
To land he took to be Cathay.
He found the natives dressed for bed,
Kind to be sure, but very *red*.

25. Motor (moat, mote; or, ore).

I TROW a bridge may span a *moat*,
E'en though the moat be dry;
But I'd suggest, perhaps the *mote*
Was in your brother's eye.

I grant you *or* is difficult
Exactly to explain;
But whether *ore* is hard to mine
Depends upon the vein.

We have the *motor* now, and soon, I think,
Gold will be plentiful as lead or zinc.

27. Capsize (caps, eyes).

A YACHT upon a stormy day,
When *caps* are white on sailor and on sea,
Is watched by anxious *eyes* alway,
Lest she *capsize* and founder suddenly.

30. Urchin (Ur, chin).

'T WAS *Ur* that removed to Canaan's fair land;
It's the *chin* you can't see, but can hold in your hand;
An *urchin* 's a radiate, also a boy—
A professor's delight, and a fond mother's joy.

34. Seaweeds (sea, C, si; weeds).

THE *sea* 's red, yellow, black, blue, white, and gray,
Restless, or dead; *C* high or low, they say,
And *C*, or *si*, is writ to read, or sing, or play.

And *weeds* are various; some are good, some bad.
A widow's *weeds* demonstrate she is sad.
A school-girl, finding *seaweeds* on the sand, is glad.

38. Corn-cob (corn, cob),

HEAR the legend of Mundamin,
How he wrestled with my hero—
Wrestled till his ears were torn off,
Till his riches golden all were
Stol'n by Rusticus, my hero,
Who then harnessed up his courser—
His stout *cob*, Houyhnhnm, his plow-horse.
Said he: "Faithful friend, come with me;
Drag Mundamin to the miller's:
He will grind him fine as powder."
Home at evening came my hero,
Sat beside the kitchen fire,
Stripped the *corn* all off the white *cob*,
Made himself a *corn-cob* peace-pipe,
Smoked his peace-pipe, smoked Mundamin.

40. Tartan (tar, tan).

A SOLDIER and a sailorman,
Well met, well matched, and fitly clad:
A jolly *tar* with a coat of *tan*,
And a warlike Scot in *tartan* plaid.

42. Hubbard (hub, bard).

BOSTON 's the *hub* of the universe,
And Milton 's the *bard* that 's most sublime;
But never a dog was treated worse
Than Mother Hubbard's of olden time.

47. Lesson (less, son).

THOUGH horses be my hobby, dogs my fad,
Still triumph the emotions of a dad:
I love my darling *son*, not *less*, but more,
E'en though he find his *lesson* but a bore.

THE LETTER-BOX.

We regret to say that an error crept into the Prize Puzzle, "A Boston Tea-Party." The question was asked, "Who first copyrighted a book under a United States law?" It was believed by the author of the puzzle that Noah Webster was the first, and a large majority of the puzzle-solvers gave that answer.

The records of the Librarian of Congress prove, however, that a "Philadelphia Spelling-Book" was the first recorded for copyright, by John Barry, June 9, 1790.

We are indebted to two friendly and scholarly correspondents for calling attention to this error.

DURRAN HILL HOUSE, CARLISLE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My two sisters and I have taken you for more than a year, and we like you very much. My twin-sister is very fond of drawing, and is always copying your pretty pictures. Last Christmas holidays we got up some tableaux vivants. We took advertisements from the "Illustrated London News." One of them was a soap advertisement; perhaps you know the picture,—a little white girl standing on the seashore offering a piece of soap to a little colored boy. I was the boy, with my face and neck blackened, and black stockings on my arms and legs. My twin-sister was the little girl. There was no mistaking us *that* time; sometimes people make mistakes between us.

Wishing you long life and success,

Your interested reader, DOROTHY C. BUTLER.

KINGSTON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you a number of years, and think your magazine very interesting.

The "Old Senate House," the only house left standing after the burning of Kingston in 1776, stands here still, and is a low stone building. It is filled with relics.

One is a little shoe said to be over 250 years old; it does not look much like the shoes we now wear. It also contains a very old piano (I forget how old), and it looks something like a writing-desk. I tried to play on it, but it sounded like pounding an old tin pan.

I am getting a collection of pennies, and have some very old ones.

Hoping you will print this letter, I remain yours,
LULU R.

BENNINGTON, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of eleven, and I thought the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would be interested to hear about the Bennington Battle Monument, which was finished August 19, 1891. It marks the site of the old store-houses where the Green Mountain Boys who fought at the battle of Bennington under General Stark kept their supplies and ammunition. The monument is three hundred feet high, and has a large star on top.

During the battle there stood an old and historic tavern where General Stark stayed the night before the battle. The tavern was called the Catamount Tavern. It was burned in 1871. They have erected on the site of the old tavern a life-size bronzed catamount on a polished pedestal of granite. We live quite near the monu-

ment, and I have been up in it several times. The battle was fought near a little place called White Creek, in New York State.

The day that the monument was finished there was a lively time. West Point Cadets and old veteran soldiers came marching up and around the monument. In the carriages which followed the procession I saw ex-President Harrison, who was then President, and also the late ex-Governor Russell of Massachusetts. In the winter we live in Troy, N. Y., and in the summer here. We have spent our summers here for eight years, and we like it very much.

I must now close, and remain your steady reader,
BARRY WELLINGTON.

LINCOLN, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although many of my friends take you, I believe I have never seen a letter from this place. I am very fond of you, and my ten-year-old brother is also very interested in you.

I have a pug dog and a cat who are the best of friends. My pug has a pedigree, but my cat is very humble, as we found *her* on the doorstep.

I am very fond of poetry and music. I composed a study in music, which the music professor at the college here said was very good. I will inclose a little rhyme that I composed when I was eleven:

THE SAD NOVEMBER WIND.

I.

POET. "Pray tell thy mournful secret,
Thou drear November Wind:
Why dost thou moan and mutter?
What is weighing on *thy* mind?"

II.

"Why do the trees stand leafless,
And quiver in thy power?
Why does the sun hide from thee,
And clouds about thee lower?"

III.

WIND. "Oh, hast thou seen my maiden,
The maiden of my heart—
Fair Summer? She has wandered,
And we are far apart.

IV.

"I've lost her, my own lady,
With blossoms in her hair;
Of all the fairest maidens,
To me she was most fair.

V.

"She's a sister to sweet Spring-time,
And she, also, has fled."

POET. "How could I tell the mournful Wind
His Summer-love was dead?"

My brother has a pony and cart, and also a wheel. I am not fond of his pony, so I drive our large surrey-horse, which is quite gentle.

I must tell you what my brother and another little boy found last summer. They were "poking" about in an old coal shed, which stood behind an old empty house, and found a queer old German snuff-box. Inside lay two ten-dollar bills and two five-dollar bills. It was supposed that an old man who had lived there had buried it under the coal. He and his wife had been dead many years, and as my cousin owned the property, he gave the money to the boys for their own.

Your interested reader,

CLARE H—.

SAMOKOV, BULGARIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl eleven years old. My father is a missionary-doctor, and I have always lived in Bulgaria.

I think, perhaps, the other girls who read the "Letter-Box" would like to hear about a holiday we have just had. It was observed in honor of two good men who lived many years ago, Cyril and Methodias. They came to Bulgaria and brought the Bible to their people, who were heathen at that time, and gave them the written language. Every year on the 23d of May services are held in the church, and after that teachers and scholars go off into a pleasant place outside the city and spend the rest of the day in merry-making. There are two missionary schools here, and we go out every year to a quiet, woody place and take our dinner there and play games and have a very nice time.

I am your faithful reader,

MARGARET L. KINGSBURY.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is so seldom that you see a letter from the "Crescent City" that I thought I would write to you to show you that ST. NICHOLAS is not forgotten in this delightful city.

The news that one of the several passes which constitute the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi River has a crevasse several thousand feet wide in it, was a sad blow to the commerce here, as without these jetties at the mouth of the river New Orleans would be practically an inland city, as none of the large vessels which daily enter and leave this large port would be able to enter the mouth of the river, and reach New Orleans.

I have been taking you since 1888, and, unlike other things, ST. NICHOLAS, as it grows older, seems to get brighter. I liked "Toinette's Philip." The scene of the story, as you know, lies in New Orleans, many of the places mentioned being places of interest to travelers. The old Union Bank, on the corner of Custom House and Royal streets, is now a theater. The old St. Roch's Cemetery is a point which all visitors generally visit before leaving.

I remain your sincere friend,

W. B. GILL.

ADAM'S RANCH, COLORADO SPRINGS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from either Colorado Springs or my old home in the West Indies. I have only subscribed lately, but we have always had a bound volume of your delightful magazine for a Christmas present.

I have only been in Colorado Springs a few months, and have always lived in Nassau, Bahamas. It seems so strange to see the leaves turning and falling, as in Nassau we never have any frosts or snow.

Nassau is a pretty little island with lovely trees and flowers, such as the royal poinciana, cocoa-nut palms, orchids, etc. There are a lot of wild flowers, and we get most roses and garden-flowers in the winter, as it is so

hot in the summer. We have lovely white beaches, and a variety of pretty shells can always be found. We often go for picnics to some of the cays near Nassau. There are generally a lot of cocoa-nut trees, and we always knock down the nuts, and have a drink of the milk. We sometimes have a dip in the sea, if we get very hot and tired. Everybody can swim out there. The water is so warm we can stay in hours at a time.

We came up here last May, and have been spending the summer on a ranch. The house is on the side of Cheyenne Mountain, and we have a lovely view of the prairie. We have to pass through a prairie-dog town when we drive into the Springs. The dogs are such quaint little animals; they are so fat when they have begun to get their winter coat.

We are going back to the Springs for the winter. I am looking forward to seeing snow and ice. We had a light fall of snow last week; it is the first I have seen. I think it is very lovely.

I remain your devoted reader, MARION SAWYER.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our family has taken you for over a decade, and I have taken you ever since 1892. I think that the ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine published, and I suppose many of your readers think the same. I live in New Haven on a lovely shady street. Five years ago there was not an electric car in this city, and now, I am glad to say, there is not a horse-car.

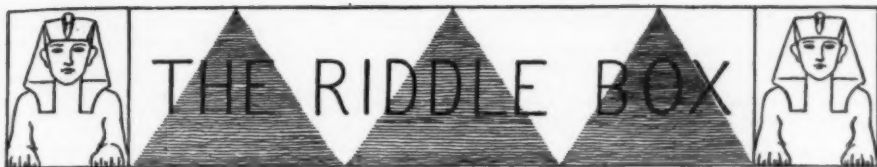
We go to the seashore nearly every summer, and, as your readers like to hear about old relics, I will tell you about some. For five years we have spent three weeks of summer at Morris Cove. We stayed at the Morris House, which was built about the year 1700. In the backyard there is a grapevine over a century old, and it is nearly a foot in circumference, appearing as a small tree. In the house are old-fashioned, three-sided chairs, and many curious portraits. The house is very large, and was injured by the British in the Revolutionary War. It is very nice there, with the exception of mosquitoes.

I remain a constant reader, CHAS. P. TUTTLE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SUMMER.

As I was waiting in the Syracuse Depot last summer for papa, who had gone out for a walk, I saw a gentleman coming toward me who looked very much like papa, having the same hat, clothes, and bald head; but, strange to say, he had no mustache. I could not believe that it was papa, although I did not see what right any other man had to be smiling at me as if he knew me. I was placed in a very awkward position. I did not want to address any stranger as papa, and yet I knew that if it was papa and I did not recognize him, I should be teased most unmercifully. As he paused in front of me, I began to laugh or cry, I don't know which. I stopped at last. And the gentleman with a queer look on his face turned, and walked away. GWLADYS R. ERSKINE.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Edna S. Keith, Grace D. Varnum, Lucille Byron Lee, Jessie Curran, Frances E. Lucas, Eva Griffith Stevenson, Edythe Stewart, Leta Eckfield, Gwendolen Canfield, Herbert J. H. Hotchkiss, Sarah S. Wilkinson, Edwin B. Fussell, Beatrice E. Yoell, Margaret Edwards, Marion A. Barker, Lyle Barnes, Chas. C. Fisher, Helen M. Wodehouse, James Waite, Marian Moore Powell, Millie E. C. Davis, Emma B. Fielding, Mary Howard Lloyd, Coral Clark, Elizabeth Auchincloss, Winifred E. N. Birks, Enda Halcomb B., Francis F. Chase, Fred Biggere and Eugene Shier, Caroline E. Clark, Rowena M. Newton, Sarah L. Waley.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Ward. 2. Aloe. 3. Rose. 4. Deer.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Jefferson. 1. Judge. 2. Heart. 3. Cuffs. 4. Knife. 5. Bugle. 6. Sword. 7. Bison. 8. Money. 9. Noose.

CHARADE. Dodo.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Maryland. 1. Mahogany. 2. Asbestos. 3. Religion. 4. Ypsiloid. 5. Language. 6. Achilles. 7. Nautilus. 8. Delusion.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Slab. 2. Lane. 3. Anna. 4. Bear. II. 1. Laws. 2. Atop. 3. Wove. 4. Sped. III. 1. Rat. 2. Alox. 3. Tear. 4. Sore. IV. 1. Wars. 2. Aloe. 3. Rose. 4. Seas. V. 1. East. 2. Alto. 3. Step. 4. Tops.

RIDDLE. Perch.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL. Armenia. Cross-words: 1. At-las. 2. Orinoco. 3. Sumatra. 4. Genesee. 5. Phoenix. 6. Liberia. 7. Formosa.

ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC. Stuart. (Gilbert.) 1. Cutlass. 2. Locust. 3. Zebu. 4. Umbrella. 5. Guitar. 6. Epaulet.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Josephine Sherwood—G. B. Dyer—M. McG.—"M. K."—"Tod and Yam"—"Four Weeks in Kane"—Mabel and Henri—Paul Reese—"Dondy Small"—Richard H. Weld, Jr.—L. O. E.—"Jersey Quartette"—"Edgewater Two."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Julia Callender, 1—"The Four G's," 2—Lulu C. Shearman, 1—Fedora Edgar, 2—Marjorie Watmough, 2—"Two Allegheny Girls," 2—Margaret Ladley, 2—Florence Kipp, 1—"We Two," 1—Sarah Otis Ernst, 1—Virginia and Ruth Battle, 4—Gertrude Teschan, 1—Claudice Piper, 1—Clair, 4—Fred Haskell, 2—Marie A. and Hildegarde Lemcke, 1—Wm. A. Lochren, 9—Eloise F. Purdy, 1—Daniel Hardin and Co., 8—Florence and Edna, 5—Lucille Byron Lee, 1—A. Woodhull, 1—David R. Pratt, 6—"Merry and Co.," 8—Hallock and Co., 2—Alma L. Knapp, 1—Mabel M. Carey and Georgia Curtis, 8—Chiddingstone, 9—"Two Little Brothers," 9—Laura M. Zinner, 7—Franklyn A. Farnsworth, 9—Sigourney Fay Nininger, 9—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Helen Garrison, 4—Marguerite Sturdy, 9—"Embla," 9—"Woodside Folks," 3—Clara D. Lauer Co., 7—Orson Moote, 1—Jo and I, 9—Grace Edith Thallon, 9—J. K., Jr., and Co., 2—Edward, Will and I, 4—Esther Park, 1—Harold Beecher, 1—Nicholas Nolan, Jr., 1—Edith M. A., 2.

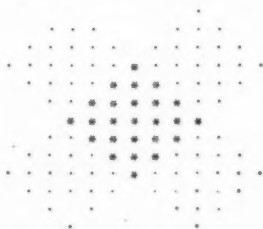
DIAGONAL.

WHEN the words have been rightly guessed, and written one below the other, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of an American general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An orthodox Mohammedan. 2. A sea. 3. Brave. 4. Lamenting audibly. 5. A plain in western Palestine celebrated for its fertility. 6. To gain possession of.

R. D. B.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In scanty. 2. A covering for the head. 3. A famous conqueror of ancient times. 4. A lake in New York State. 5. Pertaining to the ancient Carthaginians. 6. A little cavity. 7. In scanty.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In scanty.

2. A rug. 3. A piece of metal in the form of a coin, which serves as a reward. 4. Certain things used for both tea and golf. 5. To infect. 6. To allow. 7. In scanty.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In scanty. 2. An animal. 3. A very useful animal. 4. Beloved of photographers. 5. The surname of a famous English actress. 6. A song. 7. In scanty.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In scanty. 2. Timely. 3. A scholar. 4. Hooded cloaks. 5. A designation. 6. The surname of a famous general. 7. In scanty.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In scanty. 2. An affirmation. 3. A pleasure-boat. 4. A dis-senter. 5. Tottering. 6. To test. 7. In scanty.

A. M. STONE.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS.

EACH blank is to be filled by a word of five letters. No two words are alike, though the same five letters, properly arranged, may be used to make the seven missing words.

With careless laugh he the fruit, when hark!
A step—a tall man, of aspect dark,
Has barred his way: "My! then you shall know
My wrath—these of late too frequent grow—
I wield no, yet you, rash youth, shall see
How all transgression its penalty!
For I adjudge ('t is obsolete, you 'll say)
That you shall what you have done to-day!"

E. T. CORBETT.

CONUNDRUM CHARADE.

Why is something to the purpose like a gentle hit?
In my *first* you'll find the answer if you think a bit.

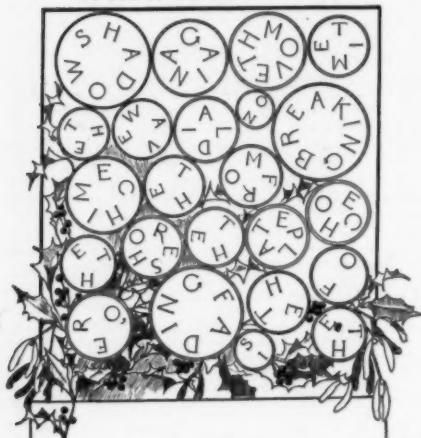
Why is the part played by an actor like a breakfast dish?
In my *second* lies the answer. Find it if you wish.

Why 's an Irishman's fall downstairs like a soldier's
watch?

In my *whole* the answer 's waiting for your eye to catch.

L. E. JOHNSON.

A NEW YEAR VERSE.



THE letters in each circle, in the order in which they stand, form a word. When these words are rightly placed they will form a four-line verse suitable for New Year's Eve.

HIDDEN LETTERS.

TEN letters in four syllables
Compose my well-known name,—
Three vowels and seven consonants,
And only two the same.

In Russia you can find my *first*,
In Italy my *second*,
My *third* in England oft is seen,
My *fourth* in Spain is reckoned,
My *fifth* is found in Congo State,
My *sixth* appears in Chili,
My *seventh* in Holland, and my *eighth*
In Switzerland so hilly;
My *last* two are found in Siam;
Now who first can tell what I am?

F. G. NELSON.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. Often on a tea-table. 2. Method. 3. To worship. 4. To work for. 5. Large plants.
II. 1. Confuses. 2. Brisk. 3. An animal. 4. A mistake. 5. To gaze rudely.

HELEN MURPHY.

TWO ZOÖLOGICAL ACROSTICS.

I. THE words described are of equal length. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell a name familiar to every reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A water-fowl. 2. An Asiatic deer. 3. A wild goat. 4. An aquatic insect. 5. A

batrachian. 6. A pygmy deer found in Java. 7. A large, wading bird. 8. A fresh-water fish. 9. A bird of prey. 10. An African antelope. 11. The "King of Beasts." 12. Arctic sea-birds. 13. An aquatic animal valued for its skin, fur, and oil.

II. THE final letters of the name of each animal will spell an animal dear to ST. NICHOLAS.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. A kind of field spaniel. 2. A large Egyptian antelope. 3. An animal of tropical America, allied to the racoon. 4. A large carnivorous animal. 5. A South African antelope. 6. A mouse-like rodent. 7. A small rodent. 8. A large ungulate.

G. B. DYER.

DIVIDED CITIES.

EXAMPLE: Divide a city of Ireland into a metallic instrument and quick. Answer, Bel-fast. All of the cities are in the United States.

1. Divide a city into a boy's name and a planet.
2. Divide a city into an organ and a shallow place in a river.
3. Divide a city into a masculine name and a weight.
4. Divide a city into a foreman and a weight.
5. Divide a city into a prohibition and blood.
6. Divide a city into a masculine name and a place of security.
7. Divide a city into a season and a poet.
8. Divide a city into angry, a pronoun, and a planet.
9. Divide a city into a small stream and another city.
10. Divide a city into adhere and to draw from the water.
11. Divide a city into uncooked and a sheltered place.
12. Divide a city into novel and a place of safety.

TWO COUSINS.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and eight letters, and form one verse of a well-known poem.

Her 3-62-105-75 it was Belinda, and his 69-62-105-31 it was 20-97-81-81-34;

They loved each other 11-93-62-47-100-28 and they said that they would 105-62-81-81-67.

Said 55-21, on their 92-47-2-84-30-19 wedding-day, "I'm happy as a 27-9-76-70-70;"

And 49-44-13, with equal happiness, did 38-63-51 with joy and 16-35-98-78:

"The violet 's blue; the 1-40-96-108 is red as 65-38-62-81-94-101-56 holly-berry;

My own big 61-28-59-26 are 12-39-41-101 and I am 32-62-64-47-45-81 than a 32-62-64-47-51.

My wedding-ring has 91-89-97-105-5-36-106-49 bright, and if they 're not too 11-59-62-47,

I'll get a ring and 72-13-38-27-52-97-38-101 on my birthday every 34-93-97-63."

They 49-80-62-63-73-108-25 on their wedding 102-85-6-81, the wide 8-18-81-14-42 for to see;

They thought they'd take a 12-5-62-87 and 63-85-88 across the "82-36-66-71-97-98 Sea;"

A 46-86-63-77-48-41-26 54-62-90-108 did 38-79-97-96-31 that boat, and 38-62-41-4-103-57 her in a 105-104-83-41-43-13;

And ere our pair could 92-62-68-95 their 38-63 97-32-50, they found they were "72-40-29 53-83 107-17."

They could not 49-22-23-105, they could not 32-10-40-62-7; he 74-108-24-99 her 12-60 her 58-97-53-47;

She 38-33-6-3-37 to him; some voyagers soon found them struggling there.

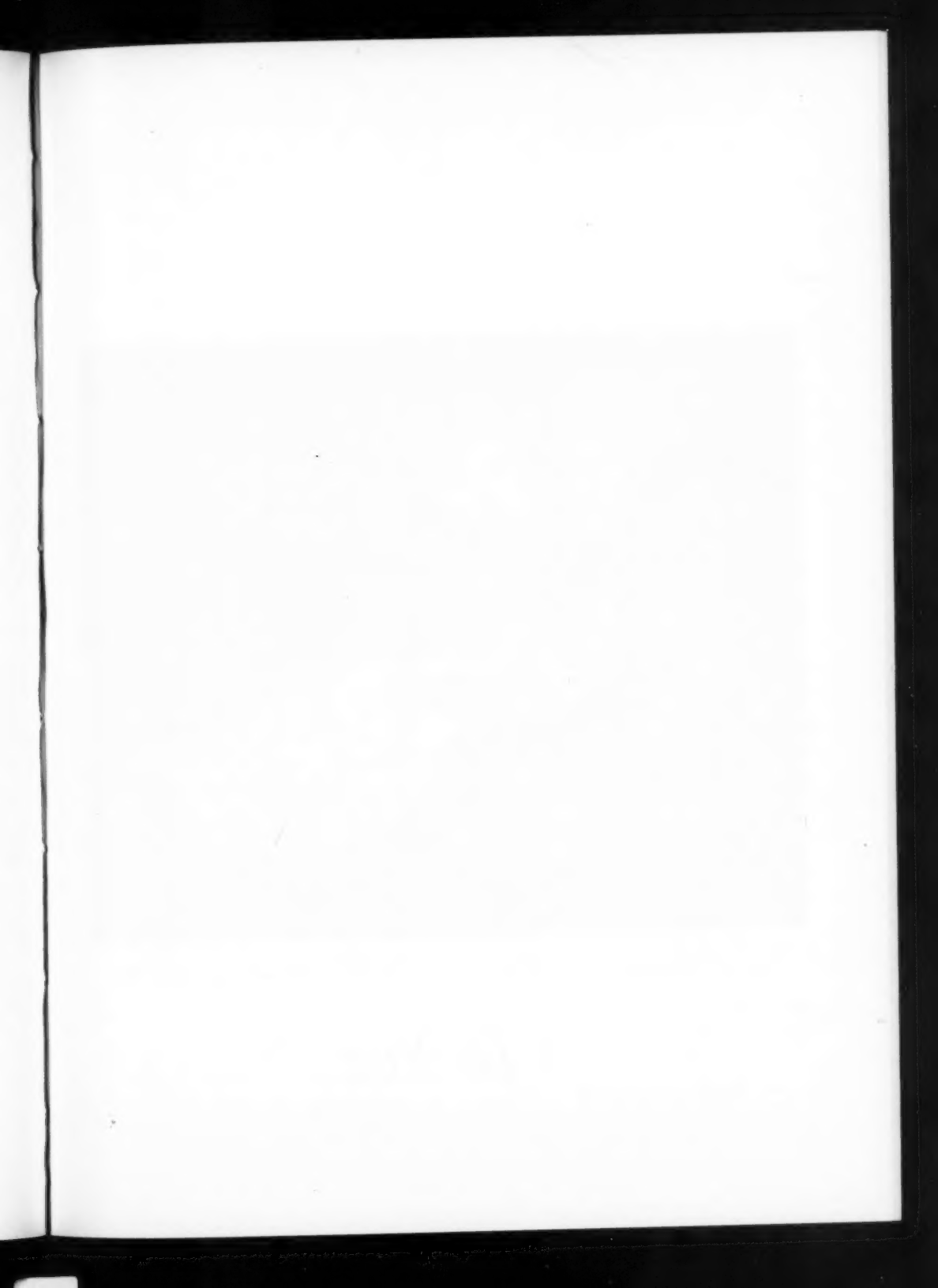
They in a 80-1-68-38-61 were helped aboard a ship so grand and 65-87-62-57-45-94-60,

They said though their first voyage had 46-97-53-15-13-11, their second pleased them greatly.

And so they got back 20-40-105-61 with care,—

A 49-97-106-11-75-63 and a 6-88-96-75-81 pair.

LUCILLE BYRON LEE.





THE DAUGHTERS OF THE ARTIST. AFTER A PAINTING BY CORNELIS DE VOS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL PICTURE. BY PERMISSION OF BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., NEW YORK.

C DE VOS